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FIFTY YEARS'

Rhymes & Reminiscences

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING  
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN  
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing  
when a man is to be so soon forgotten  
And the shining in his soul  
gone from the earth  
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing  
when a man shall die  
And forget love  
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing  
that a man shall forget love  
And he not dead but walking in the field  
of a May morning  
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

— R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of  
Stanford Writing, 1931*

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# FIFTY YEARS'

Rhymes and Reminiscences.

A. C. B.

ABERDEEN: 1880.

ANR 9317



## INTRODUCTORY.

WHOE'ER should hap to read this book,  
I trust will kindly overlook  
Its faults and failures ; though they're many—  
Few are the books that have not any.  
Though it for fame has not been printed,  
Yet have I gathered them as hinted,  
Through many long and changeful years  
Of joys and sorrows, smiles and tears ;  
From childhood's hours to manhood's prime  
I 've set down here and there a line.  
The power of friendship has been strong,  
Though faint my power to please in song ;  
Still here my thoughts I 've put in rhyme,  
Some new, some from the olden time.  
Though not a serious undertaking,  
There has been pleasure in the making.  
I add a few of father's rhymes,  
Reminding me of good old times,  
And other strains I 've hoarded long,  
The gifts of friends in early song.  
Some were received with loving letters,  
Which bound my heart in pleasing fetters ;  
Of such were "Hope" and "I Would be Thine,"  
While some on our album's pages shine.  
"Come Share my Cottage," sent with pleasure  
To one esteeming it a treasure.  
"The Blind Boy" also found a place,  
As bringing back a vanished face ;  
And one was translated by a friend—  
"The Minstrel's Curse," with its mournful end ;  
Some, mere recollections, here I trace,  
Whate'er may be thought of their resting-place.

Whoe'er may think this book worth reading,  
 I hope will listen to my pleading ;  
 I wish that all may find some pleasure  
 Who read these rhymings at their leisure.

---

LINES SENT TO A. C. B. BY A FRIEND, IN REFERENCE TO  
 "FIFTY YEARS' RHYMES AND REMINISCENCES."

As in a day when Nature shows in many moods—  
 The glory of the summer morning, calm and still,  
 Anon, the gathering clouds, the shower,  
 And still again the sunshine,  
 Till, having sped the changeful hours,  
 The evening closes in a dreamy hush,  
 Still deepening to the quiet rest  
 Of "summer midnight";  
 So, gentle friends, in these my varied rhymes,  
 See mirrored, though with untrained hand,  
 The various moods of life's eventful day—  
 The "rosy hope" of opening youth,  
 The splendour of a manhood's strength;  
 The dawn of love, the "fitful fever,"  
 The heartaches and the joys, and the incessant change  
 That marks the lot of man,  
 Till now, in peaceful leisure,  
 "Towards evening" and the day "far spent,"  
 I gather up, and not untenderly,  
 These rhymes of bygone years;  
 Not for the critic's glance, or for the curious eye,  
 But that the strains are precious which were love  
 inspired,  
 And that we fondly cherish what the mind and heart  
 most felt and mused upon.

J. C.

## CONTENTS.

Page.		Page.	
Scenes of Childhood,	9	Lochnagar,	69
Fancy's Picture of Niagara Falls,	11	To Miss C—B—,	71
Farewell to Scotland,	12	On a Picture of a Venetian Elope-	
Precipitancy,	14	ment,	72
On the Death of Mrs. Audabon,	15	To Miss C—B—,	74
Sweet Music Falls upon my Ear,	16	Intemperance, I Love not Thee,	75
Lake Raith,	17	The Queen o' them a',	76
What is Love?	18	On Friendship,	76
Lines Written for Miss J. R.'s Album,	20	Thoughts,	78
Hope,	21	The Merry Days shall Come,	78
Country Life,	22	Life is Waning,	80
To the Firedy,	23	Victoria's Welcome,	81
The Blind Boy,	24	Come Share my Cottage,	82
Fishing,	26	To a Friend (Mrs. ———),	83
A Song,	27	To the Moon,	84
Youthful Days,	28	To a Friend,	87
Hurricane Casdæe,	28	On a Fishing near Huntly,	89
Farewell to Savannah,	29	Scotch Song—To M—,	90
On the Death of a Young Child,	31	I would be Thine,	91
To M—	31	Adieu! Farewell!	92
To Mrs. (Dr.) Russell,	32	My Grandfather's Grave,	94
Dreams,	33	Visit to Rev. Mr. Smith, Blackhills	95
Consumption,	34	Lady Maudie Gillespie,	96
"Woskie's Dead,"	36	O, there's Nobody Knows,	99
The Minstrel's Curse,	37	Epitaph on "Dick,"	100
The Waterfall,	41	Lines for an Album,	102
Lines Addressed to my Mother,	43	On Leaving Dundee,	103
Song,	44	Song of the Pike,	105
In Remembrance of Miss Stevens,	45	Song,	106
A Tender Little Flower,	47	In Memoriam (William Smith, Jr.)	108
Visit to Moultrie Island,	48	The Spirit of Light,	109
Lines Addressed to Mr. W. C.,	52	On the Marriage of Mr. D—D—	
Introductory Lines for a Lady's		to Miss M—D—,	110
Album,		Temperance Lay,	111
On a Painting of a Highland Deer		Acrostic,	112
Hunt,	53	On Receiving the C.D.V. of my old	
On Tallula Falls,	54	Friend, Wm. Peebles, Esq.,	113
On Caesar's Head Mountain,	55	Lines on the Death of Baillie Hugh	
On a Painting of a Scottish Chieftain	57	Ross,	114
To the Humming Bird,	58	The Ferryhill Burn and its Poison	
On Tucco Falls,	60	Cloud,	116
On the Table Mountain,	60	For Miss Lizzie S—K—,	117
Autumn Time,	62	Doxology,	118
On the Marriage of ———,	63	Tribute to William Quarrier, Esq.,	119
On the Death of W. R. Fell,	65	Ancient Time's Simplicity,	120
To Mr. E. C. Bridgman,	67	Awake, my Lyre,	121

## CONTENTS.

	Page.		
Invitation to Visit Argyleshire,	122	New Jerusalem,	-
In Memory of Darling Lizzie M—,	124	The Valley o' the Dee,	-
To a Bereaved Mother,	125	To a Young Widow,	-
A Journey to Deeside, 1848,	127	A Lay to My Early Friend,	-
I Think of Thee,	132	Sabbath,	-
Lines to Alexander Forbes, Esq.,	133	Sabbath Even,	-
Ode on Victoria's Visit to Glasgow, 1848,	134	My First Sabbath in Charleston Cit	-
On the Pleasures of Time,	135	Poem by Mr. Reaves,	-
Wild Flowers,	136	The Happy Death,	-
To a Dying Friend, Miss Cochran,	137	Paraphrase,	-
On My Mother's Death,	139	The Bright and Morning Star,	-
Reveries,	141	To Mrs. M'K—,	-
Early Thoughts,	144	In Memory of an Infant Son,	-
Turner of Thrushgrove,	146	Written for an Album,	-
In Memoriam,	147	On Visiting Niagara, 1843,	-
The Fear of Cholera,	148	Hymn,	-
On Leaving America,	150	Seek Ye Wisdom,	-
In Memoriam (Robert Walker),	151	Jacob and Esau,	-
Hymn,	152	The Bible,	-
Thoughts on the Millennium,	153	Hymn,	-
Acrostic on my Name-child,	155	The Wrestling of Jacob,	-
In Memoriam (M. S. B.),	156	Come, See the Place,	-
How to Catch and Cook a Pike,	157	Why will Ye Die?	-
To the Moon,	160	On an Orphan Child,	-
Ode to Spring,	161	Forbid Them Not to Come to Me	-
The Lily of the Vale,	162	On a Sermon by Rev. Mr. Pledge	-
Invitation to M—,	164	The Aged Negro,	-
To a Dying Friend (Miss J— S—),	166	New-Year Hymn, 1880,	-
To America,	167	Hymn—Onwards,	-





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GRANDHOLM BRIDGE, OVER THE DON.



## Fifty Years' Rhymes and Reminiscences.



### SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

HAUNTS of my childhood, how dear are ye to me !  
How bright the remembrance dwells in my mind ;  
Though distant I rove, in a land strange unto me,  
No stranger to me is the land left behind.

How sweetly I muse on the cottage and valley  
Where I came into life, and my infant feet trod ;  
How again, in my fancy, I onward sally  
The sweet flowing stream to its flower-covered sod.

On that bridge of the Don have I lingered to view  
The clear glassy current flow murmuring on,  
Or fished the bright trout from its waters so blue,  
To the green lovely banks of the fair winding Don.

How through the dense foliage, oft tore by the bramble  
And stung by the nettle, we often would roam ;  
Or hunting for birds' nests would eagerly ramble,  
Nor once think of turning till far from our home.

Each tree on the hill-side, a graceful old row,  
We climbed up, and rested delightedly there.  
Oh ! where are my young mates who climbed on each  
bough  
And looked down on plodding old sorrow and care ?

They are gone, and I know not the place of their biding  
Though some may have gone to their last silent home  
Some still on the stream of time downward be gliding,  
And some, like myself, may in other lands roam.

Yet still in my memory their images linger,  
And long will remain while I think on the past,  
E'en till Time with his scythe shall point with his finger  
And I then be cut down, the first or the last.

The last time I saw these fair haunts of my childhood,  
I gazed and I lingered, oh ! loathing to part,  
Then fled from the voice and the shade of the wild wood  
And the last sound that sunk was a knell to my heart



## FANCY'S PICTURE OF NIAGARA FALLS.

WHO listens to thy thunders, in terrific splendours given,  
And knowest not the accents of a glorious voice from  
heaven ?

Who looks upon thy swelling flood, thy ever pouring  
sea,

And lifteth not his thoughts above, oh ! Nature's God,  
to Thee ?

Who looks upon the ocean swell up-boiling from below,  
Nor thinks of His majestic power who makes thy  
waters flow ?

Doth not each sentient being round, inspired with  
wonder, deem

The everlasting God most near, while gazing on the  
scene ?

As rising from the deep profound, an ever rushing spray  
Doth brightly sparkle in the sun, with ever changing ray ;  
While worn old stones and shifting sands beneath are  
dashing on,

Anon, at times, some mighty rock is moved from its  
throne ;

What caves, untrod by human feet, and cells of darkest  
night,

There hid ? and not a voice is heard save thine in all  
its might.

What shades of darkness hide behind those cliffs pro-  
jecting far ?

Speak out ye spirit voices, o'er the cataract's stormy wan,

And tell of deeds long hid from men—of ages long gone  
by ;  
Of scenes of Indian warfare here, ere white men had  
come nigh.  
I ne'er have seen thy summit, but imaginations rise  
Of thy stony cliffs and rocky heights uptowering to the  
skies,  
While down thy rocky precipice come floods of water  
bright.  
Oh ! I pant to see that beautiful, sublime, and glorious  
sight.



## FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Written by Mr. Wm. Roy, Dundee, and delivered to A. C. B.  
when he was leaving for America.

FAREWELL to old Scotland, the land of my birth,  
With her are my feelings and fancy combined ;  
Though far from her hills and dales I go forth,  
My thoughts will remain with the scenes left behind.

The land that I hie for, though great in her grandeur,  
And though Nature appears in gigantic array,  
Still Scotia will live in the brightest of splendour,  
And beam in my soul like the regent of day.

Although now the hand of bleak chilly November  
Throws a mantle of mist over mountain and muir,  
Though the fire of great Nature be spent to an ember,  
And all wears an aspect so dreary and hoar,

Still bold beats my heart at the sound of her name,  
And high heaves my bosom with true Scottish blood.  
Oh ! dear is the loch and the forest and stream,  
And hallowed "the land of the mountain and flood ;"

But more hallowed, more lasting, more lovely than all,  
Are the friends of my youth who have sweetened my  
days.

With them I could live, and with them I could fall,  
Who fanned up the spark of my bliss to a blaze ;

Oh ! smooth be their course through the ocean of life,  
And happy the time of their earthly career ;  
Long, long, may they live to enjoy without strife  
The friends whom they cherish so sacred and dear.

In the far distant west my bosom will swell  
When I call to remembrance old Scotland and you,  
But now with a sigh I must say fare-ye-well,  
And now with a tear I must bid you adieu.

DUNDEE, November 14, 1838.



## PRECIPITANCY.

ONE night, a bold adventurous mouse,  
Its fortune to pursue,  
Forsook its hole and ranged the house,  
As mice are wont to do.

It seized a share of all it passed  
(And who the mouse could blame ?)  
But still it roamed, until at last  
It to a basin came.

To venture o'er the edge (poor elf !)  
It thought a little matter ;  
It ventured o'er, but found itself  
Up to the neck in water.

It struggled long, and scrambled round  
The edge, but all in vain.  
Poor mouse ! it now had passed a bound  
'Twas ne'er to pass again.

For after many a fruitless leap,  
Exhausted, down it fell,  
Unable up its head to keep,  
And bade the world farewell !

Ill-fated mouse ! but worse, alas !  
Those thoughtless, giddy youth,  
Who scruple not the bound to pass  
Of rectitude and truth.

They roam for pleasure, far and wide,  
    Regardless of to-morrow,  
Till o'er a slippery brink they slide  
    Into a sea of sorrow.

They struggle hard to reach the shore,  
    But reach it can they never ;  
The more they strive, they sink the more,  
    Till down they sink forever.

DAVID MACALLAN.



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. AUDABON,  
WIFE OF THE SON (ELDEST) OF THE GREAT ORNITHOLOGIST.

Published in Charleston, So. Ca.

AND thou art gone, thou lovely one,  
    Gone to the land of peace ;  
But left us here to mourn upon  
    Thy early, sad decease.

Thy husband, mother, father, all,  
    Will weep the hallow'd tear,  
Yet, while they weep, will joy to call  
    In mind thy past career.

All those who ever did thee know  
    Have blessed thy word and smile,  
And now in saddened feeling show  
    The grief they can't beguile.

Yes, many a one will weep for thee,  
For thou wert kind and good ;  
Within thy heart dwelt modesty,  
The graces round thee stood.

I well remember how the time  
Fled in thy company,  
When other voices blent with thine  
In sweetest harmony.

I joy'd in all thy happiness,  
And sorrow'd for thy woe ;  
But here no more I 'll know the bliss  
Thy friendship did bestow.

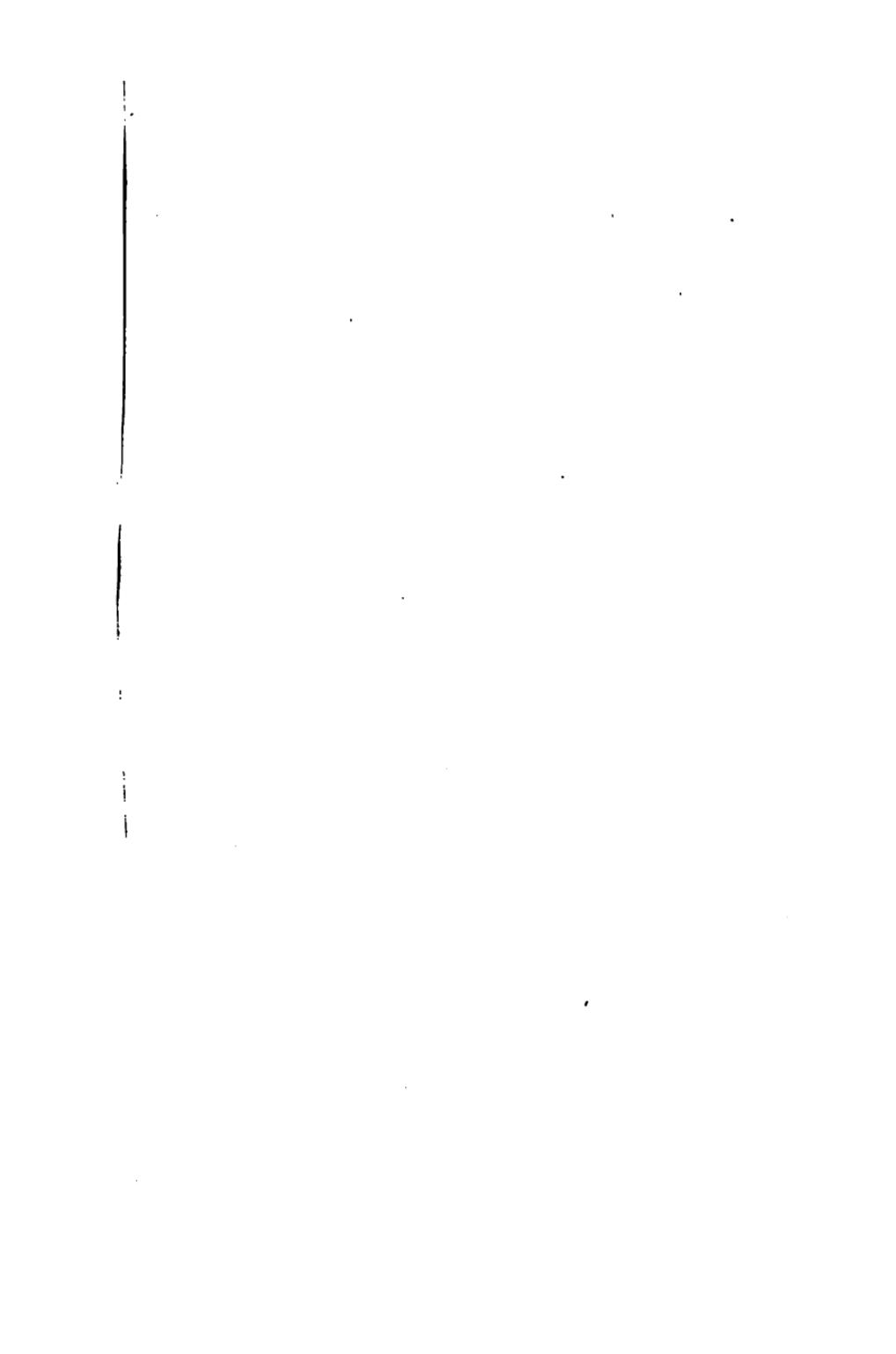
The gentle, holy law of love,  
Thou didst indeed proclaim  
In all thy ways, and will it prove  
Through Jesus' endless reign.

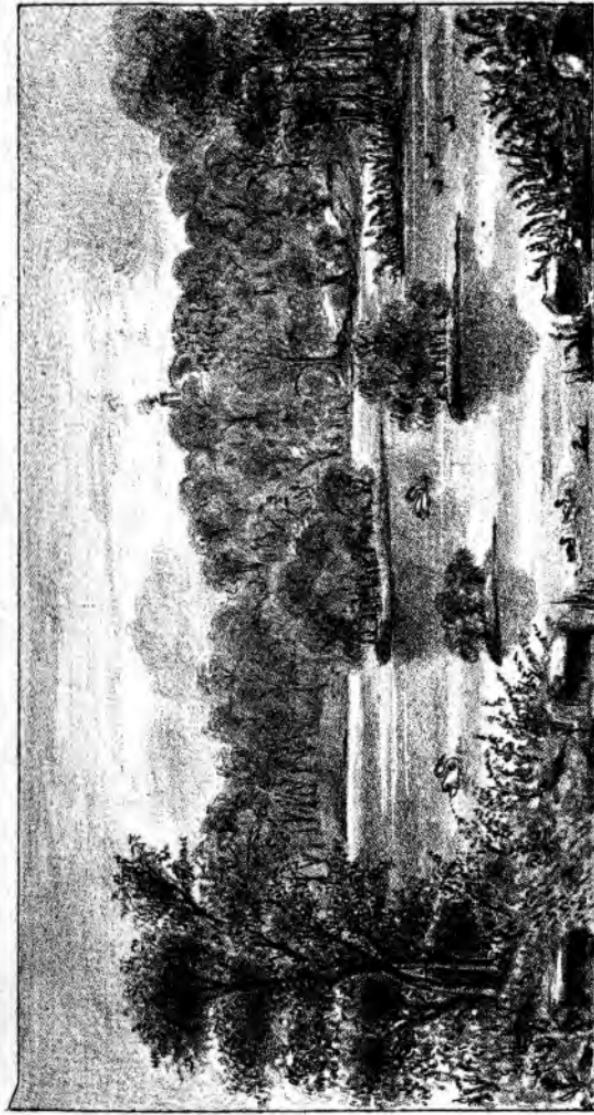
Let us who mourn thy quick decay,  
Wait for a like decree,  
By grace to enter realms of day,  
And there to meet with thee.



#### SWEET MUSIC FALLS UPON MY EAR.

'TWAS like melody heard in a distant cl<sup>o</sup>  
Far away, and in times gone by ;  
A varied, and sweetly sounding chime,  
God's praises, most great and high.





LAKE RAITH.

## LAKE RAITH,

KIRKCALDY.

SWEET fairy scene of beauty rare,  
Than poets' dreams more truly fair,  
Where naiads and fauns and fairies might  
Fix their abode to dance at night.  
A stilly lake and woody shade,  
By Nature, art, and fancy made—  
A scene, so beautiful and still,  
Is surely free from mortal ill !  
Its waters blue in evening skies  
Reflect a thousand beauteous dyes.  
The wild duck o'er the water glides,  
And stirs the lake to tiny tides ;  
While swans majestic skim along  
As if they heard the fairies' song ;  
And islands, green with verdure, there  
Seem haunted spots for beings fair ;  
And wooded hills this scene surround—  
We tread on most enchanting ground.  
By sloping swards, where bush and flower  
Stud the green carpet o'er and o'er ;  
A thousand varied beauties rise  
To give a new and sweet surprise,  
Till night descends with dewy cup,  
And darkness wraps the picture up ;  
Yet gleams the parting light with power  
On bank and bush, on tree and flower,

And those faint rays so lingering shine  
As loath to leave the spot divine.  
Though darkening shades of forest deep  
Refuse the beauteous light to keep,  
Yet stars of night gleam down and rest  
Through night on this blue lakelet's breast.  
Farewell ! then, scene of sweet delight,  
Thy charms increase as grows the night ;  
For, lo ! the moon's subliming power  
Steeps all in magic at this hour—  
Serene above, beneath, around,  
That all seems pure and holy ground.



## WHAT IS LOVE ?

BY REQUEST OF W. T. L.

WHAT is Love ? you ask me ; say, hast thou then forgot ?  
'Tis a sweetly glowing passion of the heart which  
changes not :  
'Tis a sympathetic flow and a union sweet of soul,  
Which is first awakened in you by a power beyond  
control,  
And leaves a soft ethereal spring of pure and ardent  
thought,  
Increasing as it flows along all changeless and unbought.  
'Tis not the wild, irregular flow of thoughts and wishes  
vain,  
But the thrilling sense of beauty's charm which courses  
through the brain.

'Tis not alone the glancing light which beams in beauty's eye,  
But the full sense of impulse—pure and warmest sympathy ;  
And every power is linked in it which bindeth mind to mind,  
And harmonises all the soul to joy and bliss refined.  
'Tis a fair castle, built of thought and carved in fancy's dreams,  
Where Hope the topstone is, and round all bright enchanting scenes ;  
While low within its dungeons dark lie wild despair and doubt,  
And fear, in aspen garb arrayed, turns playful fancy out.  
'Tis the soul's seraphic vision of a heavenly delight,  
Unstaining, uncorrupting, and with nought of earthly blight,  
Which warms and shines alike on all in every varied clime—  
Oh ! the first thoughts of ardent love are ne'er forgot in time,  
And ne'er again can it arise where early ceased its bloom,  
Where its fair object pined away and drooped into the tomb.  
A passion may arise, alas ! unworthy of the name,  
By beauty, kindred, mind, and wealth, and where it may bring fame.  
E'en then the lingering rays of youth will flit across the scene,  
Casting a shade of gloom and woe where gaiety hath been.

Oh ! how again can earth produce a feeling half divine,  
Like that when first thy young heart warmed and bowed  
at beauty's shrine.

We may mourn affections blighted, and sigh in vain for  
love,

Which if we never find while here, we surely will above ;  
For while earth's fairest forms decay, the mind from  
it is riven,

But see the soul expand its wings and mount by faith  
to heaven.



#### LINES WRITTEN FOR MISS J. R.'S ALBUM.

"LINES for my album ;" such is your request,  
But, lady fair, how can I please your taste ?  
I will do what I can, and leave some trace  
On these pure leaves, a pleasant resting-place,  
Where many kindly thoughts shall treasured be,  
With pictures, sea weeds, music, poetry,  
That when long years shall come and pass away,  
Will show the pleasures of a former day.

Let the young dedicate their thoughts of love,  
The aged point the way to joys above,  
And artists paint in gorgeous tints, yet true,  
Nature's sweet scenes of loveliness for you.

Then will your album shine with lustre bright,  
Filled with dear Friendship's ever radiant light ;  
Be it, my friend, an image faint of thee,  
A joy to all, a Christian fair to see.

## H O P E.

O ! THE day dreams of youth are all sunny and bright,  
When the thoughts of the future are all sparkling in  
light,  
When the dreams are of nothing but sunshiny hours,  
Of fame and of fortune, and paths strewed with flowers.

Like a bark that is sailing on life's sunny sea,  
Which follows the path of the sunbeam in glee ;  
While islands of beauty are smiling before,  
And fair forests wave on their "emerald shore."

But a cloud cometh over that shadoweth dark  
The sea bright and sunny, where floats the light bark,  
And the colours of sunlight depart from the sky,  
And the waves round the light skiff are foaming and  
high.

Then the storm cometh down in its mantle of night,  
And the sea hath arisen in its fury and might,  
But though ocean and sky be all gloomy and dark,  
There's a star that for ever shines bright on the bark.

'Tis Hope shineth on through the gloom like a star,  
And guides the light bark though it shines from afar ;  
Though the sunshiny hours and the roses be past,  
Yet Hope shineth still, and will shine to the last.

*(Author unknown.)*

## COUNTRY LIFE.

Written at Barratville, So. Ca.

OH! a country life is the life for me :  
Yes, some fair green spot by the heaving sea,  
Where the dark woods shade from the noontide ray,  
And where cooling streams glide sweetly away.  
There the dove's soft notes come stealing along,  
And steep frowning hills the echoes prolong ;  
There birds carol blythe at the ope of day,  
For Nature is then most pleasant and gay.  
And at noon's soft hush a gladsome repose  
Sinks over Nature. The streamlet still flows,  
Warbling more clearly, and meandering slow,  
Seems then half inclined to cease its sweet flow ;  
While each winged rover cowers down in some dell,  
Or the eagle alone floats away in a swell.  
'Tis evening, and now the whip-poor-will's cry  
Comes clear on the ear as the shadows flit by,  
And the last faint rays of lingering light  
Let the stars shine out still more and more bright.  
But see where the moon has peep'd through a cloud,  
And over the green woods hath cast her pale shroud ;  
Love light is fallen on mountain and stream,  
The beautiful gleamings of night's fair queen.  
Now silvery brightens the ocean and lea—  
Wake out of thy dream, oh, sleeper, and see !  
But, lo ! she hath hid from our passionate gaze,  
And vailed her beauty and clouded her rays.

Then rest, sleeper, rest, for evening is done,  
And shadows of night's thick darkness have come ;  
Yet beautiful beams through the misty night  
The firefly's glancing and vanishing light.  
Oh ! this is the hour, and this is the place,  
For worship of God and seeking his face ;  
When the heart is ennobled, purified, free,  
And dares think of Time, Death, and Futurity.



## TO THE FIREFLY.

GLEAMING thing of life and beauty,  
Own'st thou thus thy pleasant duty ?  
Bright, retiring, fluttering fly,  
Light thou up the evening sky.  
As a gem of countless worth,  
Beautiful thou comest forth,  
Still displaying light divine  
In each effulgent ray of thine.  
Wait ye for the midnight hour  
To light up the poet's bower ?  
As 't were Hope with beaming smile  
Wooed him from despair a while.  
Seekest thou the shaded grot ?  
Is the cave or dell forgot ?  
Is not forest darkly green  
Lighted in thy crimson sheen ?

O'er the coral wave thou gleamest,  
Shining in thy changing light,  
And the brighter still thou seemest,  
As more darksome grows the night.  
Thus may Hope, midst scenes of gloom,  
Ever rise and brightly bloom.



## THE BLIND BOY.

It was a lovely summer day ;  
The sweet flowers bloomed, the air was mild,  
The little birds pour'd forth their lay,  
And every thing in Nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged birch tree's foot,  
A little boy and girl reclined,  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The spreading birch, as I drew near,  
Concealed me from the maiden's view,  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

“ Dear Mary,” said the poor blind boy,  
 “ That little bird sings very long ;  
 Say, do you see him in his joy ?  
 And is he pretty as his song ? ”

“ Yes, Edward, yes,” replied the maid,  
 “ I see the bird on yonder tree.”  
 The poor boy sighed, and gently said,  
 “ Sister, I wish that I could see.”

“ The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
 And bright green leaves are on the trees ;  
 And pretty birds are singing there—  
 How beautiful for one who sees.

“ Yet I the fragrant flowers can pull,  
 And I can feel the green leaf’s shade,  
 And I can hear the notes that swell  
 From these dear birds that God has made.

“ So, sister, God to me is kind,  
 Though sight, alas ! He has not given ;  
 But tell me, are there any *blind*  
 Among the children up in heaven ? ”

“ No, dearest Edward, there all see ;  
 But why ask me a thing so odd ? ”  
 “ Oh ! Mary, He’s so good to me,  
 I thought I’d like to look at God ! ”

Ere long disease his hand had laid  
 On this dear boy, so meek and mild ;

His widowed mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said, "Oh ! never weep for me,  
I 'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where, Mary says, I God shall see.

" And you 'll come there, and Mary too,  
And when you both shall meet me there,  
Oh ! tell me then that it is *you*—  
You know, I never saw you here."

He spake no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final word was given,  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

*(Author unknown.)*



## FISHING.

THE midges dance and sharply bite,  
But I fish on in the gloaming light ;  
The night it is coming, the bells do chime,  
But the bright fish rise  
To catch the flies  
In the quiet of even time.

## A SONG.

How tenderly burst the early flowers,  
Warming the heart by their genial powers  
And bloom of loveliness.  
Gently opens the bud of the rose,  
As she from her slumbers of sweet repose  
Doth wake and sigh in bliss.  
Oh ! the sweetest budding tender thing  
Is the flower of my heart, my darling.

Sweet as the dew to the flowers of morn  
Is returning love to the heart forlorn,  
Tears to the parched eye ;  
While again the visions of pure delight  
Burst on the ravished soul and sight,  
And all is hope and joy.  
Still the dewy flowers in a morn of spring  
Are not half so sweet as my darling.

Bright and fair as a summer sky,  
While the Orient tints of morning fly,  
Beaming with heavenly light.  
Yet 'tis fairer, milder, lovelier still,  
As the sun sinks in beauty over yon hill—  
'Tis an hour of delight ;  
But the fairest, mildest, loveliest thing,  
Is the sun of my soul, my darling.

## YOUTHFUL DAYS.

LET me now remember pleasures  
Of my youth's bright sunny days,  
Unbought joys, affection's treasures,  
Warm, impulsive, happy ways.

Then the smile shone all unbidden,  
Tear drops seldom filled mine eye ;  
Truth within my heart was hidden,  
Seldom came the bursting sigh.

If it rose it soon departed,  
Leaving sunny thoughts behind ;  
Joyous, free, and happy-hearted,  
Bliss seemed breathing through my mind.

Retrospection's joys are blended  
With a melancholic gloom,  
For I feel their pleasure ended,  
Withered is their richest bloom.



## HURRICANE CASCDAE.

DOWNWARD hurled, impetuous from on high,  
With din tremendous, the torrent dashes by,

As if in anger at the craggy rock,  
Placed by dame Nature to receive the shock ;  
Frets and foams, then headlong tumbles down  
The frightful gulph, by time terrific grown.  
When storm and tempest overhang the sky,  
Loud thunders booming, forked lightnings fly,  
The mountains tremble with the mighty strife,  
Destruction threatens every thing of life.  
Then ! then ! to see thy adamantine walls  
Lashed by the storm in oft-repeated squalls.  
Sublimely grand, the scene has charmed us so,  
Though dangers threaten, onward still we go ;  
'Tis then we feel what holy David sung  
Of heavenly orbs and all the mighty throng—  
We feel our nothingness, then humbly fall  
Upon our knees, to implore the God of all.

Dr. J. P. BARRET, *America.*

(Written for A. C. B.)



### FAREWELL TO SAVANNAH.

I GRIEVE to leave this city bright,  
    Of sunny southern clime ;  
Those shady walks that give delight,  
    The orange trees and vine.  
Thou city fair of sun and shade,  
    With heavenly manna blest,  
My richest blessings round thee spread,  
    And on Savannah rest.

There many a pleasant home is found,  
And brethren dwell in peace,  
While fair and lovely beings round  
In joy and love increase.  
Oh ! long will I remember thee,  
By holy temples blest,  
Where praise and sacred minstrelsy  
Burst often from the breast.

We hear the gentle, still small voice,  
In heavenly accents falling,  
It bids the wretched one rejoice  
And come at Jesus' calling.  
I love thee for thy people's love,  
And ministers of grace,  
Though far in other lands I rove,  
I 'll thee in memory trace.

Yes, lovely city of the south,  
Thy walks and verdant shades  
Shall long be green within my mind,  
Though oft their verdure fades.  
Farewell to thee ! farewell to all !  
I must far from thee roam,  
For other voices on me call,  
Son, brother come, come home.



## ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG CHILD.

SWEET flower, thou art untimely nipt away,  
No power could make thee with us longer stay ;  
Frost of the earth this sweet bud made decay ;  
Yet what is Death, but harbinger of day.  
The reaper came and chose the budding flower,  
Which had but tasted of the morning shower ;  
All fresh and sweet, untainted of the earth,  
God said, " Transplant it ; give it nobler birth ;  
Clothe it in white ; its Saviour's blood hath given  
A passport free, with joy to enter heaven,  
There with the spirits of the just made free  
'Twill dwell for ever, and its Saviour see."  
Oh ! may we all aspire to raise the song,  
" Glory to God," while ages roll along.



TO M———.

IN all my wanderings there is one  
That seems to be with me,  
Whether upon the stormy land,  
Or still more stormy sea.

Or if I walk in verdant vales,  
On shady bank recline,  
That angel visitant is there,  
And there sweet joy is mine.

Will ever come the chosen time  
That here with her I 'll be ?  
Not as I once have been before,  
But as I hope to be.



## TO MRS. (DR.) RUSSELL,

## ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF HER DAUGHTERS.

"It is well."—2nd Kings iv. 26.

IT is well with the soul of the righteous, well,  
Though the seas of adversity over him swell,  
For He who is mighty will ever be near  
To comfort his saints amid sorrow and fear.

It is well, though the idols in whom thou didst trust  
Should be shivered before thee and trampled in dust.  
Believer, in love from thy grasp they were riven,  
That thy hopes may be anchored alone upon heaven.

And when, 'neath the cold wizard touch of decay,  
The nearest and dearest of friends fade away  
Like the sear leaves of autumn when strewed on the gale,  
Even then let thy soul whisper forth, " It is well."

It is well, it is well, it is right well with thee,  
Though thy gourds of enjoyment all blasted should be ;

Bless the hand that bereaved—'tis thy Father's own  
hand—

And that beckons thy thoughts to a lovelier land.

When the strife is all o'er and thy race fully run,  
And the goal of bright glory thou enterest upon ;  
Oh ! then, be thy soul resting strongest in faith,  
And say, " It is well," on the borders of death.

When the veil rends asunder, no more shall it sever  
Thy soul from the joys of its Saviour for ever ;  
May the last faint sounds thou dost whisper but tell  
Of thy joy and thy rapture, " It is well, it is well."

Dr. WARDLAW.

(*Given to A. C. B. by Mrs. Russell.*)



## D R E A M S .

DREAMS ! say what are they, or whence do they come ?  
From what airy clime, from what spirit home ?  
Are they warnings sent to our vision, given  
By spirits of hell or angels of heaven ?  
Doth the spirit of man in its buoyant flight  
Know aught of the power of darkness or light ?  
Are they messengers come from God above,  
To reveal His will in the power of love ?  
To mould for glory, and stamp with His grace,  
The thoughts and aims of our earthly race.

Are they vagaries, foolish, wild, and vain,  
 That frolic in phantasm-dance, through the brain ?  
 Some linger long after the shadows of night  
 Fade in the beauty of morning's sweet light ;  
 While some pass away like mists of the morn,  
 But never like these at midnight return.  
 Some dreams are from thoughts of ambition and wealth ;  
 The sad dream of joy, the dying of health,  
 The loving of love. They wake from their dreaming ;  
 The visions are fled away, mocking and seeming.  
 Then tell me, are dreams but phantoms of mind,  
 Awake or asleep, the thoughts of mankind ?



## CONSUMPTION.

I saw her in her beauty,  
 And thought not of her doom  
 Ere paleness had spread o'er her face,  
 Then bright with rosy bloom.

I saw her when the delicate  
 Blush mantled on her cheek ;  
 Her blue eyes spoke a language forth  
 They now have ceased to speak.

I saw her full of gaiety,  
 Her pulse with joy beat high ;  
 How sadly now it seems to play,  
 How languid is her eye.

Ah ! there a spell of rapture dwelt,  
Which filled surrounding space,  
Where'er she in her loveliness  
Appeared to glad the place.

But now the home is desolate  
She used to tread in glee,  
And void those happy scenes, once blest  
By her sweet company.

In search of health, to other climes,  
She speeds her weary way ;  
Where, musing oft on other times,  
She fain would homeward stray.

She came, but like a morning flower  
Withered ere noon of day ;  
She languished, then in one short hour  
She died and past away.

Her pale high brow is paler now,  
And dim her glance which shone ;  
The music of her harp is mute,  
And voice of silvery tone.



## “WOSKIE’S DEAD.”

TO MRS. M., THE KIND PROTECTRESS OF “WOSKIE,”  
THIS POEM IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

“Woskie’s dead,” a famous Russian cat,  
The enemy of vermin—mouse or rat;  
A stately lady, pensive and demure,  
In bluish-grey pelisse, the fashion sure.  
She daintily went forth in weather fine  
To take a walk, or bask in bright sunshine.  
Few were her faults, it is not ours to name  
How much she lov’d to taste a bit of game.  
We must allow, although not to her praise,  
That she for chickens had a very craze;  
Nor could refrain, however plain the laws,  
A spring—and, lo! the bird was in her claws.  
Ah! well she knew when thus she had offended,  
And wisely kept in shade till anger ended.  
When we assembled to an evening tea,  
Our friendly Woskie could not absent be;  
Yet, still polite, ne’er spoke till tea was over,  
When, *mew!* she’s up, and round begins to hover.  
“Tis my time now,” let Woskie have her fare,  
Nor pass the lady by without a share.  
How much we lov’d to stroke her downy fur,  
And listen to her soft and dreamy purr.  
But Woskie’s dead! and never more shall we  
List to her voice, or her meek visage see.

She lived a life of dignity and ease,  
And died, we think, of some unknown disease.  
She looked a sad farewell to all around,  
And for the last time stepped upon the ground ;  
Mysteriously retired, to die unseen,  
And seek a quiet grave in Aberdeen.



## THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

THERE stood in ancient ages a castle high and steep,  
Far looked it from its mountains away to the azure deep,  
And round a flowery circle of balmy gardens lay,  
Wherein, with rainbow splendour, fresh springs were  
seen to play.

There, rich in land and conquest, sat a monarch in his  
pride,  
On a throne so pale and gloomy, with his courtiers by  
his side ;  
And what he thinks is terror, and what he looks is ire,  
And what he speaks is lashes, and what he writes is fire.

And to this ancient castle came a noble minstrel pair,  
The one with golden tresses, the other grey of hair ;  
The father, with his harp in hand, sat on his gentle  
horse,  
And by his side his blooming son on foot pursued his  
course.

The elder to the younger said, "Be ready now, my son,  
Think of our deepest music, strike up our fullest tone ;  
Put all our power together, the pleasure and the smart,  
To-day, our mission is to move the monarch's iron heart."

And soon the bards have entered that pillar'd hall of pride,  
Where sat enthroned the monarch with his consort by his side—  
The king in awful splendour, like the bloody northern light,  
The queen as sweet and gentle as the full-orbed moon by night.

The father swept the chords, he swept them all with wondrous swell,  
That richer, ever richer, the music rose and fell,  
And full and clear the young man's voice stream'd forth with heavenly fire,  
The father's filled the pauses like a distant angel choir.

They sung a song of youth and love, and golden times of bliss,  
Of freedom, manly virtue, of truth and holiness ;  
They sung of all things thrilling that through the bosom dart,  
They sung of all things lofty that elevate the heart.

The courtier crowd forgot their jests, and down upon  
the sod,  
The monarch's haughty warriors, they bowed them-  
selves to God ;  
At once with joy exulting, at once with grief oppressed,  
The queen threw to the minstrels the rose from out her  
breast.

" Ye have bewitched my courtiers, entice ye now my  
queen ? "

The monarch shook from head to foot, and stalked with  
awful mien ;  
He throws his sword that pierces the young man's  
bosom through,  
From which, for golden music, a blood-stream high up flew.

And as by storm is scattered the listening courtier-swarm,  
The youthful bard sinks lifeless into his father's arm,  
Who wraps his mantle round him and sets him on his  
steed,  
And binds him fast and upright, and leaves the place  
with speed.

Before a lofty portal he paused and stept aside,  
And took his harp, the harp that was his joy and his  
pride ;  
Against a marble pillar the bard his harp hath flung,  
And raised his voice that trembling through hall and  
garden rung.

“ Woe ! woe ! to thee, proud palace. May never more  
along  
Thy halls be heard the music of instrument or song,  
But only sighs and groanings, and the tread of slavish  
feet,  
Till thy walls to dust and rubbish the avenging angel  
beat.

“ Woe ! woe ! ye balmy gardens in the pleasant light  
of May ;  
Look on the mangled spectacle I show you here to-day,  
That ye thereat may wither, and every spring may  
dry,  
That ye in future ages in barrenness may lie.

“ Woe ! woe ! thou villain, murderer ! the bard's curse  
on thy name ;  
In vain be all thy strivings for wreaths of bloody  
fame !  
Thy name be all forgotten, be 'whelmed from ear and  
sight,  
Be as a last, a dying groan, breathed forth to vacant  
night ! ”

The minstrel thus hath spoken, and God hath heard on  
high ;  
The halls are all destroyed, their walls in ruins lie ;  
A single lofty column tells of glory that hath passed,  
It also (lately splintered) to earth may soon be cast.

And round, for balmy gardens, is a barren heathy land,  
Where tree ne'er casts its shadow, nor fountain breaks  
the sand ;  
The monarch's name nor ballads, nor hero records nurse,  
Evanished and forgotten ! This is the minstrel's curse.

*Translated from the German by T. D., Old Aberdeen, 1861.*



T H E W A T E R F A L L,  
CORYMULZIE, BRAEMAR.

FAR, 'mid the gloom of forest shade,  
Mountainous and lonely,  
A wandering streamlet gently played,  
Its tones seemed echo only.

There, where the forest open seems,  
Its waters blue came gliding ;  
A fairy stream, like glowing dreams,  
But lasting and abiding.

Still down the rocky mountain side  
Comes foaming, rumbling, leaping,  
Its waters, late a peaceful tide,  
Now bank and flowerets steeping.

Again its stream most brightly falls  
O'er rocky bed descending,  
And all above the copse-like walls,  
Banks, firs, and wild-flowers blending.

Adown a rock outstanding bare,  
One stream on each side pouring,  
Commingles on a rocky ledge,  
And dashes downward roaring.

There at the foot upboils the spray,  
In frothy bubbles playing,  
Then purling slowly o'er the sands,  
Its murmurs sweetly straying.

Sweet water stream, I mind thee well,  
By mossy path careering,  
Through valley, woodland, lawn, and dell,  
To Dee's sweet river nearing.

Oft in imagination's dream  
I visit thee delighting,  
And listen to thy mourning stream,  
With all obstructions fighting.



## LINES ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER.

THERE are songs of joy and sorrow,  
Of peace, sweet hope, and love ;  
Some may change these on the morrow  
To happy Lays above.

We in earthly habitations  
Can raise a glorious song,  
But soon in adorations  
We join the heavenly throng.

Yes, earthly songs of beauty  
May charm the listening ear,  
And songs for every duty  
May oft engage us here ;

But if we are delighted  
With beauty's phantom shade,  
How can we be benighted  
Where glories never fade.

Affection's claims are charming,  
My mother's still I prove ;  
A pure and holy warming  
From heaven's fount of love.

To show my care unending,  
I raise this tribute lay ;  
On wings of faith still sending  
For blessings every day.

If love is all-fulfilling  
The heavenly command,  
We by it, ever willing,  
Shall gain the blissful land.

Then, mother dear, delighting,  
I bring affection's lay,  
Though worldly things are blighting,  
There is a fadeless day.

We travel on to glory,  
To raise the newest song,  
And tell the wondrous story  
“While ages roll along.”



## SONG.

Written for A. C. B. (by Mr. KEAN, Dundee), and sung at a Supper given to him by Young Men's Society there when leaving for America.

A HEALTH to him who leaves the land that boasts the brave and free,  
To wander on another strand beyond the roaring sea.  
Blow soft ye winds, ye skies be clear, while dashing through the foam,  
And smiles succeed the parting tear that falls for friends and home.

The heather bell and lonely dell, the mountain and the  
glen,  
The ruined tower, the cottage bower, he ne'er may see  
again ;  
Yet, 'neath the green banana tree, his thoughts will  
often roam  
Along the far dividing sea to dwell on friends and home.  
  
And now, where'er the wanderer goes, may Heaven those  
blessings send,  
A future hope, the heart's repose, and still a faithful  
friend.  
Then, whether 'neath the ocean deep, or 'neath the  
sky's blue dome,  
The wanderer takes his dreamless sleep—he'll find a  
happy home.



## IN REMEMBRANCE OF MISS STEVENS.

'Midst the joys of the present  
I muse on the past,  
On the friends long departed  
Away from the rest.

I seem in my thoughts  
To behold them again,  
But freed from all sorrow  
And sadness and pain.

All holy and happy,  
Like angels so pure,  
In regions above,  
Ever more to endure.

One face and another  
Comes up from the gloom,  
And beckons our spirits  
Away from the tomb,

Saying, "Hitherward follow  
To dwell in God's light,  
Nor fear to pass upward  
From regions of night."

I think of one friend  
Who was true to the end,  
Who suddenly left us  
In sorrow to wend.

But she smiles in the light  
Of that heavenly ray,  
And says, "Follow me on  
To the regions of day."



## A TENDER LITTLE FLOWER.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which  
is in Heaven."

A TENDER little flower,  
Grew fairer every day,  
And sweet within its bower,  
In innocence it lay.

An angel from above  
Stooped with a loving eye,  
And culled that floweret fair,  
To deck the world on high.

For many such *there be*  
Around that glowing throne,  
Where angels ever, ever see,  
And gaze God's face upon.

And who would bring it back  
To dwell in mortal clay,  
And suffer all the taint  
Of this life's passing day.

No, rather let it shine  
In robes all pure and white,  
And bless the hand that took it there  
To dwell in His own light.

## VISIT TO MOULTRIE ISLAND,

NEAR CHARLESTON, SO. CA.

'TWAS autumn, and the day was fair,  
    Bright were the heavens above,  
And sweetly fann'd the gentle air,  
    As if 'twere full of love.

The river rippled peacefully,  
    The boat was by the shore,  
That waited for gay company  
    To glide the wavelets o'er.

We sail'd upon the tide away  
    To Moultrie's Island Fort ;  
Right jocund were we all that day,  
    And blithsome was our sport.

We went before the breeze away,  
    And left the town behind,  
We felt the river's heaving sway,  
    And drank the balmy wind.

Farewell to commerce for a while,  
    Farewell to noise and care ;  
No art could then our minds beguile  
    From scenes of Nature fair.

The hills in distance far we view'd,  
In autumn beauty drest,  
Where leaves, by light winds gently strew'd,  
The season had confess.

And lovely was the clear, blue sky,  
With here and there a gleam  
Of summer sunshine glancing high,  
Where tinted clouds were seen.

Upon the blue and flowing stream,  
Large ships were floating nigh,  
We passed like fleetness of a dream,  
So swiftly sail'd we by.

It was a happy, pleasant time,  
The old and wise were there,  
And merry ones in youthful prime—  
The beautiful and fair.

There blithely did the fishes play,  
And sea-birds skim the deep ;  
The porpoise roll'd around our way,  
And seem'd his mates to seek.

The wild ducks here and there appear'd,  
And flutter'd on the waves,  
But div'd whene'er the spot we near'd,  
And sought their ocean caves.

We land upon the island shore,  
In happy pairs we roam—

Then eat of food a pleasant store,  
Where billows gently foam.

We tread the fort, the warlike ground  
Where heroes trod of old ;  
And think again they rise around,  
The daring, brave, and bold.

We think they round the bulwarks tread,  
And watch the foe without—  
Poise the long gun, the cannon spread,  
And fire from each redoubt.

But quiet and peaceful was the scene  
Within around those walls—  
For arms no use, like what hath been,  
No need for cannon balls.

Oh ! may it be, that never more  
War's desolating hand  
Sweep o'er, as it hath done before,  
This blest and happy land.

Anon, we seek the resting place—  
The Indian's honour'd grave,  
A marble tomb on which we trace  
But "Oceola" brave.

A weeping willow shades the spot  
Where flits the warrior's shade ;  
The chief shall never be forgot,  
Nor fame of Moultrie fade.

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Now by the sea-wash'd beach we stand,  
And list the distant roar  
Of mountain billows rising grand,  
And rushing to the shore.

Bright shells and fish are strew'd around,  
Left by receding tide,  
And wondrous weeds by some are found,  
And gather'd far and wide.

The evening now draws on apace,  
And colder grows the air ;  
To village Moultrie we retrace  
Our steps, and meet the fair.

Away we went before the gale,  
And cut the liquid foam—  
With song and mirth the hours regale,  
And soon arrive at home.

Long will the sweet remembrance last  
Of that bright sunny day,  
And mem'ry dwell upon the past,  
To charm dull care away.



## LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. W. C.,

ON HIS LEAVING CHARLESTON, SO. CA., JULY, 1841.

FRIEND of my youth, where'er you go,  
Still free from trouble, pain, and woe,  
                Your path be ever found;  
With richest blessings crowned your lot,  
Nor once forgetting, or forgot,  
                By all in friendship bound.

I do not ask that all your life  
Be free from every care and strife—  
                Here that can never be ;  
Yet do I ask you may enjoy  
Most blessings with the least alloy  
                That earth can give to thee.

I ask that virtue, truth, and love  
May shine in all you do, and prove  
                A source of pure delight ;  
That social joys and homely bliss  
May prove a fount of happiness,  
                For ever gushing bright.

I ask and pray your life may be  
Ever amongst the good and free.  
                Seek God and sin forsake,  
That when you're called by death to part  
From all that's dearest to your heart,  
                You may heaven's joys partake.

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INTRODUCTORY LINES FOR A LADY'S  
ALBUM.

Go, Album, forth, go, wander on,  
And gather good from every one ;  
Display thy rich bejewelled gold,  
But copy wisdom from the old.  
The young shall dedicate to thee  
Their thoughts of love, their feelings free,  
Inscribing on thy coloured page  
The treasured thoughts of every age.  
Tints of the fairest, richest hues,  
Bedeck thy leaves in mirror'd views ;  
Scenes of the heart, powers of the soul,  
Thy pages picture and control.  
Moments of joy long since gone by,  
Here beamingly relight mine eye.  
Love's first fond feeling, beauty's glow,  
So chequered by the gloom of woe,  
Around shall fling a mingled shade,  
Where passion seems by hope betrayed.  
But may no cloud of darkening storm,  
Thy bright, fair virgin page deform.  
May hope's bright visions rise to view,  
And pleasures ever bright and new ;  
And may new beauties ever rise  
From Nature's page of harmonies,  
And every sweet of purest love  
Shine on thy leaves below, above,  
Till ripe in bliss of good old age,  
Is writ thy last memento page.

ON A PAINTING OF A HIGHLAND DEER  
HUNT.

Written at the request of VON PATTEN, Esq., the artist, and  
reprinted from the "Charleston Courier," So. Ca.

WHAT sound breaks on the morning air,  
And far reverberating?

From mountain's height, through valleys deep,  
It comes, dull silence breaking.

Down through the rocky ravine floats  
The notes of bugle sounding,  
While up a band of hunters brave  
To yon wild height are bounding.

There, on a snowy ledge, behold  
The Highland hunter gazing  
By bleeding deer and shaggy hound,  
While morning's beams are blazing.

Far down the wild, tremendous steep,  
Those tones are gently dying,  
With bugle raised he listens now,  
Deep notes to his replying.

Hillo! ye, ho! they come, they see  
The hero in his glory,  
And soon will cluster round the scene,  
Like chiefs of ancient story.



Taylor & Henderson. Litho.

"HIGHLAND HUNTER GAZING."



## ON TALLULA FALLS,

IN HABERSHAM COUNTY, GEORGIA.

[This beautiful country was taken from the Indians some forty years since. When I visited the place about ten years after, I found a little shanty inn—the one opening in front answering for door and window. The only food we could get was Indian corn bread, coffee, and wild deer, but it was well cooked in various forms. About a year afterwards an uncle of mine went to see the place, and found a splendid hotel, finely furnished. Above the fire-place of the principal room was this little rhyme neatly framed. The innkeeper was so much pleased with the result of the poem, he said, that, as his nephew was the author of the lines, he might stay as long as he wished in his hotel at no cost.—A. C. B.]

Tallula claims the poet's lay,  
This humble tribute song I pay.

HARK, the rush of waters passing,  
As they roll from rock to rock,  
Hither winding, thither dashing,  
Now quite faint, now great the shock.

Here, o'er flatten'd crevice rushing,  
Down the foamy waters run,  
Now o'er precipices gushing,  
Here in shadow, there in sun.

Voice of many waters falling  
From the mountain to the vale ;  
Rocks and woods the echoes calling,  
Answer distant down the dale.

Now the blackened waters mingle  
As they roll through chasms deep,  
While a solemn sounding tingle  
Seems from unseen caves to creep.

Mountains far o'er mountains rising,  
Where now rocks now trees are seen ;  
Vales, sweet scenes for ruralizing,  
Seem in distance darkly green.

Blue the early mists of morning  
From the shady slopes arise,  
Soon the sun these scenes adorning,  
Crowns them with a thousand dyes.

Farther up the hilly pathway  
Sounds of dreadful cataracts come,  
From mid-heights to lowly valleys  
Thunder-whitened torrents down.

Rocks e'en to their centres trembling,  
Seem to wait their final blow,  
For the darksome streams assembling  
Seek their total overthrow.

Not another sound is waking  
But the thunders of the floods ;  
They their leaps impetuous taking,  
Sink 'neath overhanging woods.



## ON CÆSAR'S HEAD MOUNTAIN,

IN GEORGIA, AMERICA.

Up ! up ! the steep mountain,  
Away to the fountain—  
Up ! let us drink,  
And within a cool grot  
Rest in some shady spot,  
Then seek the brink.

Eat we of life's great stuff,  
And the cool liquid quaff  
Ere we go near.  
Then to the steep cliff's brow,  
Seek its dark shadow now,  
Onward, no fear.

Down what a steep we gaze,  
Far 'midst the mountain ways,  
Valleys and streams.  
See where the sunbeams fall,  
Mark where a cloudy pall  
Hideth his beams.

See where the fields are green,  
Where the dark reapers seem,  
And flocks appear ;  
Where mountain mists and sky  
Bound the view to the eye,  
And all is drear.

Here the breeze freshly blows,  
And 'neath most sweetly flows  
Bright *Saluda* streams.  
How grand this scene must be,  
When midnight shadows flee,  
By moonlight beams.

Brightly that scene will glow,  
Memory its beauties show  
Where'er I roam,  
If in foreign lands I stray,  
Or gladly wend my way  
To childhood's home.



### ON A PAINTING OF A SCOTTISH CHIEFTAIN,

BY VON PATTEN, ESQ.

GRIM chieftain of an age gone by,  
Of dauntless look and piercing eye,  
From what wild forage hast thou come ?  
From valley deep, or mountain dun ?  
Say, hast thou sought the craggy height  
To pierce the eagle in its flight ?  
Or drive far down the antlered deer  
Through wold and brake, both far and near ?  
Or is the game thou dost oppose  
Thine own ? Thy country's deepest foes



Taylor & Henderson, Litho.

"ACHIEF OF SCOTTISH LAND"



Hast met with England's proud array,  
And driven them from thy land away ?  
Or didst, on Flodden's dreadful field,  
Meet spear with spear and spread the shield ?  
Didst meet fell Marmion, hand to hand,  
Or fire his pennant with a brand ?  
Or didst thou in that direful strife,  
Guard well thy monarch's dearest life ?  
Nor cease to guard it till the night  
Had stopped the carnage and the fight ?  
Or did thy hardy warriors spurn  
The daring foe at Bannockburn ?  
And by their prowess and their might  
Put the opposing hosts to flight ?  
Or art thou some remoter son  
Of Fingal or of Odin come ?  
Perhaps hast turned from Lowland plain  
With flocks of cattle in thy train ?  
Driven from their sheltering nooks and farms  
By lawless chiefs and clansman's arms.  
Or didst thou tread full bold and free  
With Scotland's proudest chivalry ?  
To couch the lance and raise the shield,  
To victory get, or never yield.  
From thy majestic mien and height,  
Thy noble brow and armour bright,  
I deem thee of some ancient race,  
Of noble Bruce or brave Wallace.  
Thy bonnet blue, with plaided band,  
Bespeaks a chief of Scottish land.

## TO THE HUMMING BIRD.

HUMMER, beautiful and gay,  
Trilling forth thy morning lay,  
Darting on the insect throng,  
Flowers and plants and trees among.  
Busy, happy, little hummer,  
Is thy life but one short summer ?

Now we see thee watching over  
Some small insect seeking cover,  
Fluttering gaily, giddy thing,  
On thy bright and glittering wing.  
Art thou not a pirate rover,  
Taking life where thou dost hover ?

Music's spirit, beauty's brightness,  
Fairy bird of tiny lightness,  
Wing thee on thy gladsome way,  
Lightsome and unwearied play ;  
Gaudy tinted, flighty hummer,  
Life to thee is all a summer.



## ON TU CO A FALLS,

GEORGIA, AMERICA.

How shall I picture forth in language,  
Or describe the beauty and sublimity

Of Tucoa Falls? Romantic, wild, and sweet,  
On through a winding shady path we rode,  
Which opened wider to the view  
As near the Falls we came.  
High on each side the beech and pine  
Clad mountains rise, and shrubs and trees  
Of various shades and growths diversify the scene,  
'Tis Nature's cool retreat, shut in  
From busy binding cares of life,  
And yet not solitude's or contemplation's seat.  
The voice of Nature and of Nature's God  
Is there; yet not in accents terrible,  
But as it were in rushing sounds of praise,  
And deep sweet tones of love. 'Tis a bright scene,  
Where sparkling waters fall in rainy mists  
From rocky heights down bare declivities;  
On which the moss and ivy only here and there  
Fasten their tender roots. Well watered  
By a ceaseless rain, they grow secure.  
Two floods half-mingled downward come  
From dizzy height, nor touching rock nor tree,  
But fall on two lone water-worn rocks beneath;  
While far out spreads a watery spray,  
And the deep gush of gurgling, mingling water,  
Dies into the gentle sound of murmuring stream,  
Which, 'midst the rocks and sands,  
    Finds out a way.



## ON THE TABLE MOUNTAIN,

IN GEORGIA, AMERICA.

HAIL ! thou imperial mount sublime,  
Great Nature's pyramid,  
Formed by a wondrous hand divine,  
All mountains to exceed.  
Egypt's great pyramids so vast,  
A world's renown remains,  
But when they're numbered with the past,  
Thou 'lt rise above the plains.

Grandeur and majesty combined,  
In thy bold front we trace ;  
Thou seem'st unto the blue vault joined,  
The bright skies to embrace.  
One dread tremendous rock art thou,  
Sublimely rising round,  
Defying art or time to bow  
Thy glory to the ground.

With trees and shrubs thy summit clad,  
How grand the towering scene ;  
Hills rise around the eye to glad,  
And winding vales between.  
Around thy brow the wild flowers twine,  
From whence bright waters fall,  
And through thy rocky moss-clad heights  
Our wandering echoes call.



'Tis said, when Nature's works shall fail,  
And mountains flee away,  
That wicked men shall weep and wail  
In that dread judgment day.  
Should'st thou, great mountain, on them fall,  
When they shall call on thee,  
Devouring flame shall burn up all,  
God's presence there would be.



## AUTUMN TIME.

WELCOME ! dear delicious time,  
Full, bright, and blooming in thy prime—  
More sweet thy latter scene.  
Thy spring-time blossom faded is,  
But on thy ruddy fruit it lives,  
Even bright as morn's dream.

The wind is mourning 'mongst the trees,  
The leaflets fall by every breeze,  
The fruits are ripened all ;  
When plucked, half yielding to the touch,  
Ripe, rich, and mellow. Oh ! how much  
I love to see them fall.

Yet comes the melancholy thought  
That brightest things, wherever sought,  
Will fade and die away.

At morn, all beautiful and bright,  
A withering spell comes ere the night,  
They bloom no other day.

It seemeth like the voice of age,  
Time-honoured, thoughtful to engage  
    Poor, careless, dying man.  
He, too, may grow, may bloom, must fade,  
And in the silent tomb be laid,  
    Yet rise—'tis Nature's plan.

I love old Autumn ; she to me  
Hath been a teacher sage and free,  
    A musical delight.  
Her voice instructive comes, in tones  
Of love and peace from distant zones,  
    And here by day and night.

I love thee, Autumn, more than all,  
Than budding Spring, than Summer thrall,  
    Thy modest minstrelsy  
Gives greater joy than bloom of flowers,  
Than song of birds in Spring's own bowers,  
    Thy falling leaves for me.

Thou shedd'st a quiet gloom of joy,  
The same as when I was a boy,  
    And listened to the sound,  
The tuneful, mournful melody,  
Of gushing rill and waving tree,  
    And falling leaf around.

Let others think thee sere and bare,  
 Yet I must think thee ever fair,  
     And love thee, Autumn, well.  
 For me the walk 'midst quiet scene,  
 Where thy soft rustling winds have been,  
     Where leaves have strew'd the dell.

Yes, Autumn, let them boast of Spring,  
 And Summer's richer blossoming,  
     I yield them all for thee.  
 With plenty blest, I calmly wait  
 Old Winter ; soon he 'll come in state—  
     How changed the scene will be !



## ON THE MARRIAGE OF —————.

TUNE—"Thou, Thou, Reignest."

List ! list ! notes of pure gladness,  
 Sing ! sing ! love is the strain,  
 Flee ! flee ! sighing and sadness,  
     Wake pleasant echoes again,  
 Yes ! yes ! yes ! yes ! wake pleasant echoes again.

Joy ! joy ! pure and entrancing,  
 Love ! love ! sweet and divine,  
 Truth ! truth ! pleasure enhancing,  
     Hope whispers bliss will be thine, &c.

See ! see ! brightly before us,  
Now ! now ! stands a loved pair ;  
Pray ! pray ! God, I implore you,  
For His best blessing and care, &c.

Join ! join ! now in full chorus,  
Blest ! blest ! long may they be ;  
Thou ! thou ! united before us,  
Sweet be that union to thee, &c.



### ON THE DEATH OF W. R. FELL,

CHARLESTON, SO. CA.

LIST ! 'tis the sound of mourning and of grief !  
From out that chamber's dark and sombre gloom  
A mother pours her prayer for some relief—  
Her first-born son is carried to the tomb.

He was that mother's hope, her earthly stay ;  
A sister dear and loved had he beside,  
A brother, too, but he was far away,  
And one there was who thought to be his bride.

And they must weep their loved one's sad decay—  
The young, the promising, the brave, the free ;  
Passed like a shadow from their sight away,  
And never more with them on earth to be.

And many more there are who loved him well,  
Who long will sigh that he, their friend, is dead.  
They listened to the deeply solemn knell  
That called them to view his narrow bed.

But what new sorrow bursts upon my sight ?  
The lonely brother speeds his weary way,  
And hastes to see, before 'tis hid from sight,  
The hallowed, loved, dear tenement of clay.

But late he came, the funeral rites were past,  
The funeral o'er, and mourners homeward sped.  
Oh ! may they meet in one bright home at last,  
When comes the resurrection of the dead.

And may the mother, there to joy restored,  
Meet with her offspring, saying, "Here are mine,"  
And all around the throne of Christ the Lord,  
In bliss unite to praise His love divine.



TO MR. E. C. BRIDGMAN,

OF WESTHAMPTON, NEW ENGLAND.

DEAR friend, I owe one lay to thee,  
Who oft hath cheered when sad in soul,  
Who oft hath bid the tempter flee,  
When I had drank his bitterest bowl.

When happiness had for a time  
Shone round my path and lit my way,

Oh ! then in joy each pulse of thine  
In unison with mine could play.

If others frowned or coldly looked,  
And I had read their heart's deceit ;  
When some my slightest fault had booked  
To make my wretchedness complete,

Yet still in thee a friend I found,  
Who soothed when sad and kindly spoke,  
To heal, not wider make the wound,  
And bind the heart they else had broke.

If others smiled, the lovely light  
Of sympathy shone in thine eye ;  
If fortune's sky seemed clear and bright,  
None felt for me more joyfully.

Oft with the blissful notes of song  
Thou hast the lingering hours made fly,  
And sweetest harmonies prolong  
To make old time pass smiling by.

And oft with thee my voice I've raised  
In choral anthem sweet to join,  
While each in heart the Lord hath praised,  
Who filled those hearts with love divine.

~~And now~~, dear friend, to end my lay,  
~~Much~~ joy thou hast bestowed on me ;  
~~The little~~ that I can repay,  
~~I then~~ would minister to thee.

## L O C H N A G A R.

HAIL, rugged steep, ascent sublime !  
Hail, hoary hill of ancient time,  
                  Wild, rocky Lochnagar !  
Where free and bold in days of yore  
Did mountaineers thy heights explore,  
                  The deer to chase afar.

And when fell ravage filled the land,  
Have brave Scots met in patriot band,  
                  And gathered to the war ;  
Resolved with life, with all, to part  
For liberty—methinks they start  
                  Around thee, Lochnagar.

In later times a noble bard  
Oft trod thy heights ; when dreadful warr'd  
                  An elemental strife,  
He dwelt 'midst softer scenes around,  
And to thy rugged grandeur bound,  
                  Rejoiced in early life.

He sung thy fame, he soared aloft  
Thy cloud-girt summit when ting'd oft  
                  With light's departing ray ;  
Ranged through thy dreary solitude,  
Or deer and ptarmigan pursued,  
                  Through many a summer day.

They flock from England's woody vales  
 To climb thy heights and feel thy gales,  
     The humble and the great ;  
 With firmer steps and clearer minds,  
 They tread thy rocks, and feel thy winds  
     Around them—Nature's state.

No pageantry, no art, can show  
 Magnificence like thine ; we know  
     And feel, unfelt before,  
 That power divine has spread the scene,  
 And opened wide His works, where 's seen  
     His glory more and more.

They come from Lowland plains and dells  
 To view old Nature's gloomy cells,  
     And rocks ascending far ;  
 And down beneath the deep dark lake,  
 Where summer's sun can't penetrate  
     To snows round Lochnagar.

Fain would I sing in wilder lays  
 To match with thee thy matchless praise,  
     Majestic Lochnagar !  
 For who can downward gaze nor see  
 God's hand sublime in majesty ?  
     Whose works all wondrous are.

The above was written in America, the following at Braemar,  
 September 21st, 1843, about ten years after my first visit to  
 Lochnagar :—

Again amongst the mountains wild  
I roam in freedom, Nature's child,  
    Rejoicing in the scene,  
And thoughts of former days arise  
As round I gaze in sweet surprise,  
    And feel as in a dream.



TO MISS C—— B——,

## AMERICA.

FAIR friend, you ask that I should write  
Upon thine album's spotless leaf  
The thoughts which friendship would indite,  
Remembrances of joy or grief.

Had I but Cowper's skill to grace  
Thine album with divinest song,  
How should I then delight to trace  
Each kindling thought this page along.

I can but rise to humble flights,  
And touch but tremblingly the lyre ;  
Oh ! could I rise to heavenly sights,  
I'd kindle with poetic fire.

I'd sing a lay of chosen worth,  
As well might decorate thy page,  
And show thy charms, thy virtues forth,  
As all that can, that do engage.

### ON A PICTURE OF A VENETIAN ELOPMENT.

OH ! Venice, seat of wild romance and song,  
Where dreamy beauty rests upon each scene,  
Where love and music doth each charm prolong,  
No lovelier night in thee was ever seen.

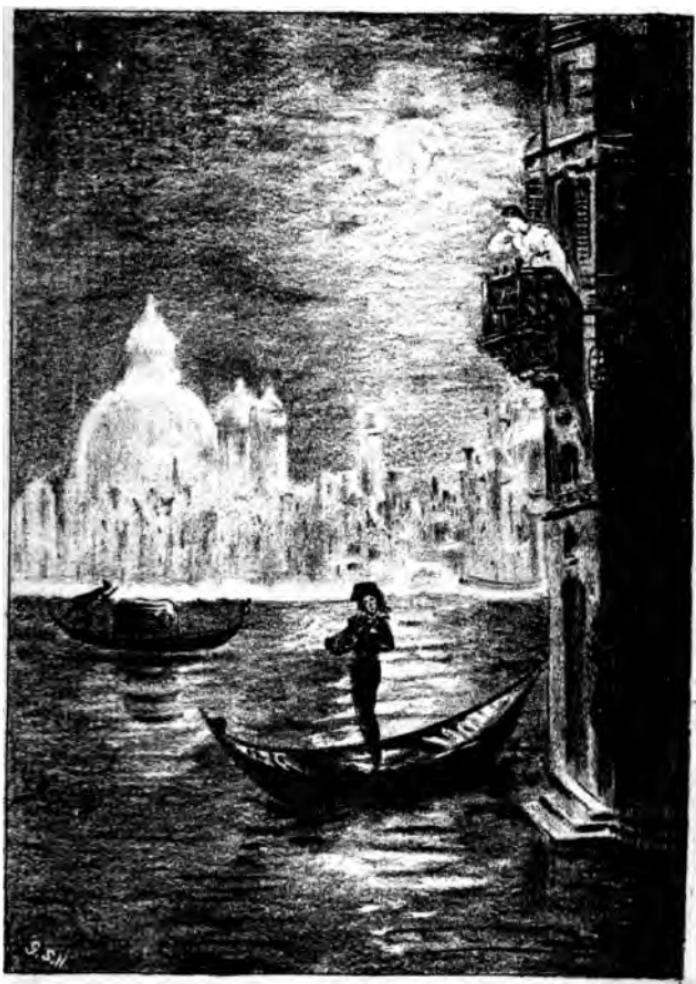
The moon sleeps bright upon the deep blue lake,  
The stilly night in solemn beauty clear  
Wakes the delight a lover can partake,  
Who marks the hour to land with gondolier.

Upon the lofty balcony he stands,  
And gently draws the loved one to his heart ;  
And will she go, far, far, to other lands ?  
And will she from her fatherland depart ?

There is a magic in the voice of love  
That calls the timid maiden to depart  
And leave her early home, to distant rove  
With him, the chosen of her virgin heart.

He sung of love, of truth, and constancy,  
In accents sweet, said, come my love away ;  
For us true joy shall bright and lasting be,  
Then listen, fair one, to thy lover's lay.

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Taylor & Henderson. Litho.

"TIS THE GENTLE HOUR OF LOVE."



*Song.*

Sweet the moonlight now is beaming,  
    'Tis the gentle hour of love;  
Wake thee, maiden, from thy dreaming,  
    With thy lover distant rove.

Fly we now while darkness growing  
    Tints the heavens with deeper shade,  
List, my gondola is rowing,  
    Soon the moon's sweet light may fade.

Moon in holy beauty hiding,  
    Beam upon me while I vow ;  
Every joy I have abiding  
    Is in thee, my loved one, now.

Come then, love, and let us wander  
    Where no darkened shadows roll,  
Where the sweetest streams meander,  
    Come, thou loved one of my soul.

Do not linger, I am near thee,  
    Fly we while the scene is bright,  
Come, my love, and I will bear thee  
    To the bowers of sweet delight.



TO MISS C—— B——,

A PRETTY YOUNG CHILD, WITH AN ANNUAL THAT HAD  
BEEN RE-PUBLISHED. CHARLESTON, 1842.

My little favourite Catherine,  
Accept the gift I bring,  
Its years are few, and so are thine—  
'Tis friendship's offering.

Some bright and happy summers fled  
Have seen it still survive,  
Though many of its sisters, dead,  
Did but short seasons thrive.

It comes with mild religious light  
To charm the cares of life,  
And gild with glowing visions bright  
This world of pain and strife.

'Twas born in fancy's airy clime,  
Yet reared in reason's hand,  
And deep instilled was truth divine,  
And this has made it stand.

Fair art and science joined to give  
Their most enduring charms,  
And poesy, to make it live,  
Spread round supporting arms.

And you, like it, my fair young friend,  
Have passed a sunny time ;  
Bright childhood's years come to an end,  
And youth comes in its prime.

Oh ! may the future be to thee  
Still brighter than the past,  
And thou adorned *like it* shall be,  
With charms that ever last.

Then take the offered gift I bring,  
And let it be to thee  
A kind memento offering  
Of true esteem from me.



### INTEMPERANCE, I LOVE NOT THEE.

If, after all, there is no safety near thee,  
And still thou wilt poor mortals lead astray,  
I will not drink. Thou luring tempter, hear me :  
By all my hopes of bliss when thou 'rt away,  
By every woe I see when thou art near me—  
I love not thee, I love not thee.

By blood-red eyes, where no bright ray is playing,  
Where woe in depth of shadow holds his throne ;  
By those parched lips which give to all thou 'rt saying,  
Of fair or bright, the lie—fiends never own.  
Over the world a wretched part thou 'rt playing—  
I love not thee, I love not thee.

## THE QUEEN O' THEM A'.

THEY spring by the rock's edge,  
 An' mossy green hill,  
 By loch an' by lakelet,  
 By valley an' rill.

Ah ! these are the flowerets,  
 But fairer I ca'  
 Sweet Nature's own floweret,  
 The Queen o' them a'.

I 've wandered wi' ladies  
 In lands far awa',  
 A' buskit sae gaily,  
 Baith bonnie an' braw ;

But our ain Scottish lassie,  
 Though hardly sae braw,  
 Is sweeter an' fairer—  
 The Queen o' them a'.



## ON FRIENDSHIP.

How pleasant 'tis to find an open friend,  
 Sincere and candid, warm, generous, kind,  
 With well-informed mind and manners all polite—  
Who findeth such an one, must find delight.

Whose sentiments are just, whose ways are pure,  
Who loveth truth, whose friendship will endure,  
Who in an evil day departeth not—  
May such a friend be ever in thy lot.  
Who never offers gifts without esteem,  
And ne'er for selfish purposes is mean,  
A proffered gift he never will receive ;  
Unless love prompt that gift he doth believe.  
When injured, he long-suffering will display,  
Still hoping against hope, 'mid long delay ;  
He never praiseth that which he should blame,  
Who loveth most to have an honest fame.  
But not so much to have it, as to be  
Justly from all blame and evil-doing free ;  
Who still would hide the evils of his lot,  
And soon forget the ills should be forgot ;  
Who never covets joys that others know,  
And blesses God his cup doth overflow.  
A few such friends have blest my changeful life  
(Although 'tis oft confess'd they are not rife),  
Yet greater joy they yield when they are found,  
Like precious gems dug from the common ground.  
May every heavenly gift on these be showered,  
Within my heart their choice names are embowered.



## THOUGHTS.

Written at Campbellton, 1846.

WHAT is this pain that runs through my brain ?  
What feeling oppresses my heart ?  
What bringeth sadness where all should be gladness ?  
Will sorrow ne'er from me depart ?

'Tis the excess of joy, earth's saddening alloy,  
That e'en in the brightest of hours,  
When all is delight most pleasant and bright,  
Will steal 'mid the sweet summer bowers.

'Tis a token of warning that we are but earning  
By too much devotion to earth,  
The lot of mortality, sad in reality,  
To holier thoughts may 't give birth.



## THE MERRY DAYS SHALL COME.

You speak of joys long past away,  
Of days of mirth and fun ;  
I'm sure they are not fled for aye,  
More merry days shall come.

Tell not of childhood's pleasant time,  
How sportive games were won ;  
Night's clouds but set that morn may shine,  
And brighter days may come.

Hint not that all life's charms are fled,  
Nor count how moments run ;  
Think sorrow with the past is sped,  
And happy days shall come.

And still remember pleasures past,  
Howe'er life's sands may run ;  
If days be dark, they will not last,  
For brighter days will come.

Thy morn of life was fair and bright,  
Thy grief grew like the sun,  
Yet eventide shall bring thee light,  
The merry days shall come.

And always feel, whate'er your lot,  
There's joy beneath the sun,  
But let it never be forgot,  
A better world's to come.



## LIFE IS WANING.

LIFE is waning, wilt thou wed,  
Or wouldst thou rather tarry ?  
Long a single life I 've led,  
Now I 'm disposed to marry.  
It is the happiest state, 'tis said,  
Though oft its joys miscarry,  
Yet none it ever can degrade,  
For honour 'tis to marry.

But if a matrimonial life  
Bring troubles every morrow,  
Give me but a charming wife  
I 'll fear no care or sorrow ;  
For when cares and woes increase  
As life 's short stage advances,  
What can chase and bid them cease  
Like her bright sunny glances ?

Then if you 'll have one, tell her so,  
Nor show so much resistance—  
Life speeds away, 'tis on the go,  
The best part of existence.  
Let us enjoy life's fleeting span,  
In heart and soul united ;  
A loving help-meet is God's plan—  
Get that, and be delighted.

## VICTORIA'S WELCOME,

ON LANDING AT ABERDEEN, SEPTEMBER 8, 1848.

HAIL to thee, Victoria, hail !  
Great Britain's noble Queen ;  
We welcome thee with loyal hearts  
To ancient Aberdeen.

Come from proud London's towers,  
And Windsor's palace bright,  
Come to our summer bowers,  
Queen of our heart's delight.

Come to our mountains old,  
And our wild hills and dales ;  
Come to our crags so bold,  
And our green verdant vales.

Come to our castles gray,  
Which centuries have stood,  
Foaming cascades round them play,  
Hid by the dim green wood.

Come to our ancient domes,  
To cot and palace fair ;  
Come to our humblest homes—  
Thou 'rt welcome everywhere.



Come to our rocky glens  
Of waterfall and flood ;  
Come to our leafy dens,  
Dark land of heathery wood.

Come to our hills of broom,  
Our wild lone mountains stern,  
And pause to contemplate the doom  
Of Scots who raised each cairn.

Think what a blessed thing it is  
To dwell in peace forever ;  
Thy reign be peace, and every bliss  
Be thine, from God the giver.

Thus shall we praise thy happy reign,  
And shout thy name with glory,  
And never shall that glory wane,  
Thou 'lt live renowned in story.



## COME SHARE MY COTTAGE.

COME share my cottage, gentle maid,  
It only waits for thee  
To give a solace to its shade,  
And happiness to me.

A faithful, true, and loving heart,  
Is all I offer thee,  
And canst thou see me thus depart,  
A prey to misery.

The hawthorn and the woodbine twine,  
Display their sweets to thee,  
And every balmy breath of wind  
Is filled with harmony.

There, from the splendid gay parade  
Of mirth and folly free,  
What sorrow could my heart invade,  
If only blest with thee ?

*Anonymous.*



TO A FRIEND (MRS. —— ——),

NEW JERSEY, U.S.A.

WHEN in a foreign land we met,  
Before the evening's sun had set,  
I felt, unfelt before,  
That I had found a gentle friend  
Who would not be a moment kind  
And then be kind no more.

Excuse my humble, simple words,  
The tones proceed from feeling chords  
That vibrate in the heart;  
But if too bold, the strain forgive,  
I would not aught should make thee grieve—  
I 'll bid the lyre depart.

So few true friends in constancy,  
Through bright and dark have stood by me,  
That I those few esteem  
As the bright stars that shine by night;  
My heart I give them with delight,  
They pass not like a dream.



## TO THE MOON.

Written on a beautiful moonlight night, after coming from  
Pitcaple to Inverurie.

How I love thy lunar beams,  
They chase night's curtained gloom,  
All seems like a land of dreams  
Beneath thine influence, Moon.

Many a lonely traveller joys,  
Delighting in thy pale mild ray,  
Thoughts of darkness ne'er annoys,  
O'er the land he wends his way.

Magic beauty gilds the scene,  
As if Nature did repose ;  
Woods and meadows darkened seem,  
Loath their beauties to disclose.

Round the dome of heaven now creep  
Starlit clouds of feathery form,  
On all below the moonbeams sleep  
Sweeter than the rays of morn.

Yonder copse in shadow lying,  
Spectre visitants might hide ;  
Voices on the breeze seem dying,  
Shadowy forms seem to glide.

Why should clouds of darkness hover  
Round thy brow in such a night ?  
From our ardent gaze to cover  
Every ray of loving light.

Pale Moon ! thou dost thoughts awaken,  
Early phantasies of love ;  
Joy's full cup seemed unpartaken,  
Light gleamed 'mid shadows from above.

Lonely wanderer, pause and listen  
To the brooklet's whispering voice ;  
See, evening's dews on leaflets glisten,  
Earth around seems to rejoice.

Doth thy spirit feel the gladness,  
Catch the influence of the hour ?  
Fleets away all shades of sadness—  
Moon, who can resist thy power ?

Not the lover, he must wander  
Where those spirits seem to glide,  
Where the moonlit streams meander,  
With the loved-one by his side.

By dark waters onward rushing,  
Now thy beauty fades away ;  
On that lake thy beams are flushing,  
Night will soon hold gloomy sway.

Yet may he thy beams desiring,  
See thy face in beauty roll,  
When to rest thou art retiring,  
Feel thy magic in his soul.



PEACE be with you, may you live  
Joyful—Death no sorrow give.  
Peace be with you, may you die  
Happy—happy live on high.

## TO A FRIEND,

E. WATSON, ABBEVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.

FRIEND, Watson, to thee a short song I will sing,  
The Muses to aid me in numbers I'll bring,  
So listen my lay.

I climb not Parnassus like numbers of asses,  
But at the foot stay,  
And jocundly laugh at old Time as he passes,  
By night and by day.

If e'er thou hast wish'd with bright wings of fame  
To gain far and wide a renown for your name,  
Then up and away ;  
On the high rugged steep you cannot find sleep,  
You'll find 'tis no play,  
But weary and worn with toil and with scorn  
You'll pass on your way.

If a vision of love lure you onward to joy,  
And walking or sleeping your senses employ,  
'Mid bowers of delight ;  
Beware of the vision, a fiend in derision  
Will mock at the sight ;  
The bliss soon is past, and sorrow at last  
Is the vision so bright.

If fame and love both from your vision decay,  
And wealth come to dazzle and brighten your way,  
    The glittering decoy,  
You 'll strain at and strive for, and if you should gain  
    You cannot enjoy. [o'er,  
This world itself to the soul is but pelf,  
    A bauble and toy.

And now to the close, know fame, love, and wealth  
Will yield you less pleasure than virtue and health  
    In body and soul.  
If both are at rest, indeed thou art blest  
    Beyond all control ;  
When thy life draws to even a prospect of heaven  
    Thy glorious goal.

Then, friend of my youth, accept of my lay,  
And believe that I ever shall ardently pray  
    These blessings be thine.  
Health, rosy and cheery, to make thee quite merry,  
    In sickness ne'er pine ;  
Thy God seek to please, and a conscience at ease,  
    Will give bliss divine.



## ON A FISHING NEAR HUNTLY.

THERE 's no fish will take to-day,  
    Let alone the waters,  
He 'll have neither sport nor play  
    Who for salmon caters.

Trout are feeding on the bait  
    From the sides of mountains,  
And far better is their feast (fate)  
    Deep within the fountains.

You may tempt them with your flies,  
    Not the sort they 're after ;  
You mistake to think they 'll rise,  
    Or hang upon your rafter.

Vain it is to angle now,  
    Good is their inspection ;  
Draw your lines, up-make your bow,  
    And come with more infection.



## SCOTCH SONG—TO M——.

THERE's a form I fain would see,  
A face sae sweet and fair O,  
An e'e o' love that blinks on me,  
And drives awa' my care O.

Aye will I mind on days we met,  
Her voice is kindness 'tsel' O,  
I hear it now and see her yet,  
Within my heart she 'll dwell O.

Flow on sweet stream of time, flow on,  
An' bring me to her bower O ;  
I wish each fleeting moment gone  
Until that happy hour O.

Soon may I see her bonny face,  
Jet hair, and loving e'e O ;  
Each nameless charm, each witching grace,  
Then happy will I be O.



## I WOULD BE THINE.

Lines sent to A.C.B. Author unknown.

I WOULD be thine.  
Oh ! not to learn the anguish  
    Of being first a deity enshrined,  
Then, when the fever-fit is past, to languish,  
    Stripped of each grace that fancy round me twined—  
        Not such the lot I crave.

I would be thine.  
Not in bright summer weather  
    A sunny atmosphere of joy to breathe,  
But fear and tremble when the storm-clouds gather,  
    And shrink life's unrelenting storm beneath,  
        Failing when needed most.

I would be thine,  
To lose all selfish feeling  
    In the sole thought of thee, far dearer one ;  
To study every look thy will revealing,  
    To mark thy voice's every varying tone,  
        The music of my heart.

I would be thine,  
When sickness doth oppress thee ;  
    With love's unwearied vigilance to watch—  
Waking, thy wants ere whispered to prevent,  
    Sleeping, to list in dread, each sound to catch  
        Thy slumbers that might break.

I would be thine.  
 When vexed by worldly crosses,  
 To cheer thee with affection's constant care ;  
 To stay thee, 'neath the burden of thy losses,  
 By showing thee how deeply thou art dear,  
 Most so in thy distress.

I would be thine.  
 Gently and unreplying,  
 To bear with thee when chafed and spirit-worn,  
 The hasty word, the quick reproach denying,  
 But by the soft submission which is borne  
 By steadfast love alone.

I would be thine.  
 Not passion's wild emotion,  
 To show thee fitful as the changing wind,  
 But with a still, deep, fervent, life devotion,  
 To be to thee the help-meet God designed—  
 For this, I would be thine.



## ADIEU ! FAREWELL !

To A.C.B. Delivered at Montrose, 1839.

WHAT sound so sad, and yet so sweet—  
 What, as adieu ! farewell !  
 'Tis love's effusion called to weep,  
 'Tis friendship's parting knell.

Sounds from the north our ears regale,  
The echoes moist with tears ;  
A father's prayers, a mother's wail,  
A lover's tender fears.

Joy, grief, discordant once, now join  
In harmony to tell  
A son's, a brother's, lover's heart,  
Their souls' adieu ! farewell !

The south, from many a heaving heart,  
Reverberates the swell ;  
I, too, unite, since we must part,  
Our friend, adieu ! farewell !

Perhaps for time, but not for aye—  
We part to meet again  
When Gabriel's trumpet—who can gainsay ?—  
Shall sound to summon men.

By Jesus' grace may we then meet,  
And strike our harps to tell  
For aye, of Jesus' love so sweet,  
No more to say, farewell !

DAVID M'LAUCHLAN.



## MY GRANDFATHER'S GRAVE.

Written on a visit to Huntly, 1844.

I WANDERED forth one Sabbath day,  
Down by the Deveron stream,  
The sun shot forth his golden ray  
With varied pleasing gleam.

For here a cloud, in shading shroud,  
Did darken o'er the way ;  
And then a tinge that cloud did fringe,  
Of light in sunny play.

There in old time a church had been,  
Whose walls in ruin hoary  
Remain to solemnize the scene,  
The mark of former glory.

A few old trees still shade the spot,  
And ancient stones may tell  
Of my forefathers, else forgot,  
How here they lived and fell.

Methought I heard the mourning wind  
Bear voices from the past,  
And whispered, changes you must find,  
For what on earth doth last ?



The stream in pensive murmuring,  
Chimed back unto the breeze—  
A sound, as of an angel's wing,  
Came floating through the trees.



### VISIT TO REV. MR. SMITH, BLACKHILLS,

AT TEN YEARS OF AGE.

THERE 's a scene of early years  
In memory's morning light,  
When the past its curtain rears  
I see a vision bright.

I see again the rills,  
And the green and sloping ground ;  
'Tis the memory of Blackhills,  
With the church and graves around.

Far off, a dreary scene  
Of bare and stony hills,  
With a heathery brake between,  
With little purling rills.

And mountains towering far,  
And clouds upon them then—  
When elements oft war  
The vision comes again.

I see the tiny bridge  
I made across the burn,  
With my water-wheel at edge,  
Where I've stood to see it turn.

And that cottage by the church,  
The manse I loved so well  
(With the garden and the porch),  
Where the minister did dwell.

I see his comely wife,  
I see their daughters tall ;  
They were kindly in their lives,  
I remember one and all.



## LADY MAUDIE GILLESPIE

## A ROMAUNT.

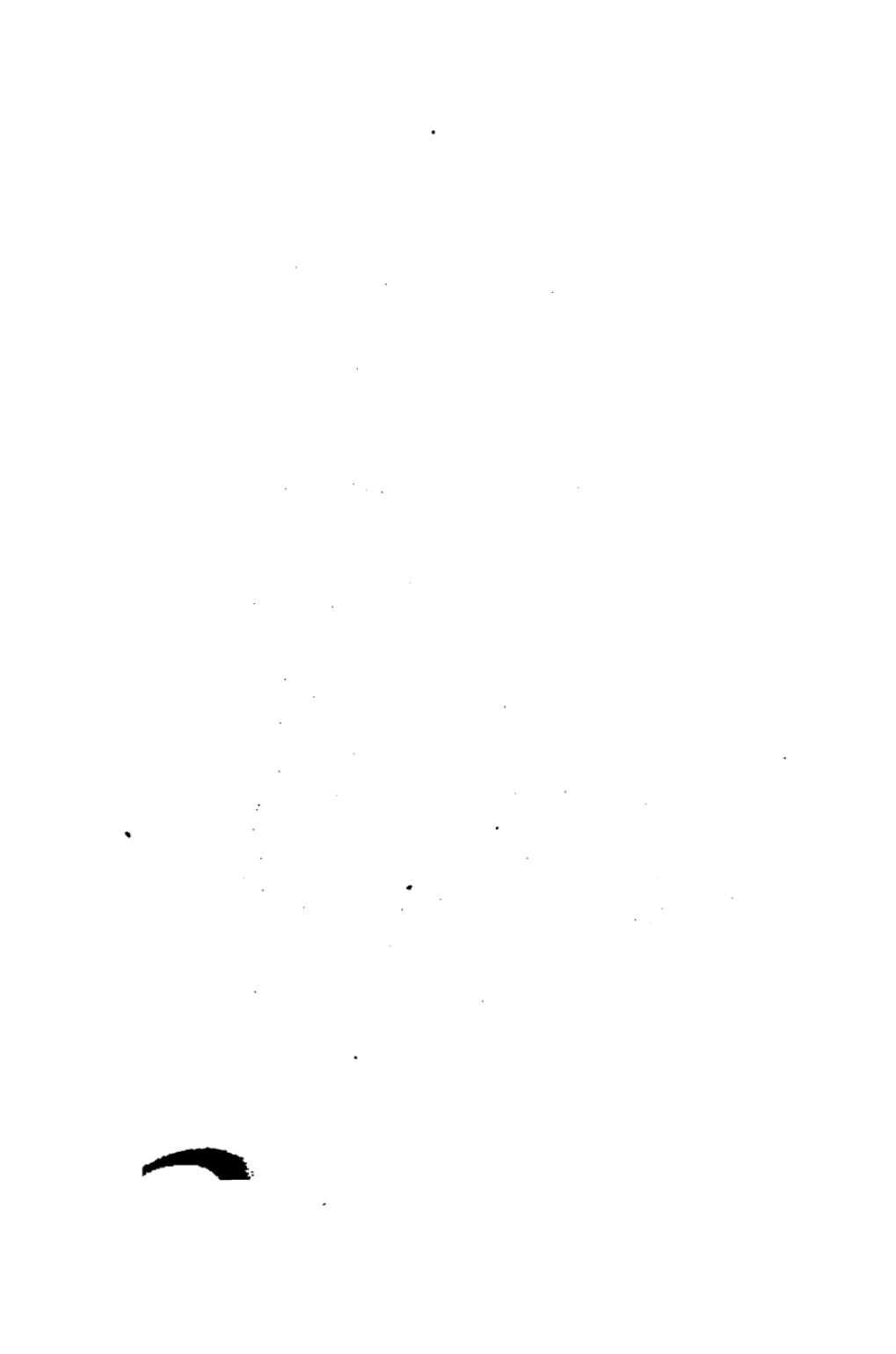
[A romance of this sort was given to me by my old aunt. It was in broad Scotch, and of the most powerful description. I copied it from her lips perhaps nearly fifty years ago, but have lost the copy. It is in no copy of Ballads I have ever seen. It has lived in my memory. It was an old ballad when she was young, say more than one hundred years ago. I do not remember a single verse of it.—A. C. B.]

LADY MAUDIE GILLESPIE lived in Howden,  
Her father is lord of the Manor Woodglen ;



Taylor & Henderson, Litho.

"KNIGHT, I AM VANQUISHED!"



He had an old castle with turret and tower,  
And far in the woodlands sweet Maud made her bower.  
Lady Maudie was bonnie and mirthful and braw,  
But she scouted the suitors that came to the ha'.  
She said they were feckless and senseless and vain ;  
She laughed at their nonsense and smiled with disdain.  
She read and she studied, and played the guitar,  
And said there was nothing like glory and war ;  
She wished she were man, and a troubadour gay,  
An' she'd go to the wars 'gainst the Moslems away.  
She vowed she would never wed any white man,  
They'd fight her, and conquer, ere she gave her hand ;  
Broadsword she would learn, a steed she would prance,  
And she'd bear them to earth with the force of her  
lance.

And so being bent on a martial career,  
All the squires of the county she threatened to spear ;  
Not one dared to question her right to demand  
That they win her in fight ere she gave them her hand.  
At last came a knight from far Palestine—  
He was noble in mien, and on steed he rode fine ;  
He stopped at the gate, and his bugle he blew,  
And forth came the maiden this new sight to view.  
The gate it was opened and in rode the knight,  
He was dark as his steed, and his armour shone bright.  
He entered the hall, to his lordship bowed low,  
And said—" Sir, I came here to fulfil an old vow ;  
I 've long loved your daughter, and though I 'm  
unknown,  
It seems I must fight her to win her, alone,  
And thus do I challenge her here to the fight,  
And with this good token my word I now plight."

He threw down his glove, and the maid took it up,  
Saying, "Please you, Sir Knight, at our castle to sup."  
The laird he was pleased with the pluck of the knight,  
And laughed at his daughter determined to fight.  
"Sir Knight, you are welcome to stay at Howden,  
You can meet on the morrow in Heather Woodglen."  
In the morning they met, to the sward they repair,  
Lady Maud was as shy as a tim'rous young hare—  
Tight fitting her dress, with a shield and broadsword,  
She looked every inch like a noble young lord.  
Thus strangely accoutered she came to the fight,  
With a glance and a beck and a flash of delight.  
He looked in her face—it was lovely to see—  
"I'll conquer and win her, for mine she shall be."  
She thrust, and he parried, so swift was her aim,  
She touched his sword arm, and forth the blood came ;  
She warded, she passed, with a swiftness and skill,  
And boldly she looked, as determined to kill.  
But he laughed and he tilted, determined was he  
That he never would wound this fair maid of degree ;  
Yet she scorned this gentleness, made him to feel  
She was no silly maiden, but worthy his steel.  
Seeing this firmness, he then made a pass  
With the side of his sword, and down fell the lass ;  
She merely was stunned, but sweetly she lay,  
A maidenly soldier, completely at bay.  
The crowd raised a shout full of terror and fear,  
As if their loved maiden had tasted his spear.  
They sprinkled the sweet cooling spray in her face—  
Reviving, all said she had fought with a grace,  
And she, with a modesty lovely to see,  
Said, "Knight, I am vanquished entirely by thee ;

I wish you would take me to fair Palestine,  
Away from this land with its tinsel and shine."—  
He answered, "I've won thee in fair open fight,  
And I'll take thee away with the greatest delight."



### O, THERE'S NOBODY KNOWS.

By J. BARKER, Sen., Woodside.

IN the annals of fame is enrolled the good city,  
For historians so grave, and for town-clerks so witty ;  
Her maids are so fair and so handsome her beaus,  
But where it is situate nobody knows—  
    Oh ! nobody.

Far-famed is this town for its new street trustees,  
For doctors' diplomas and lawyers' fees ;  
For its harbour improvement, as far as it goes,  
Though in what it consists o' there's nobody knows—  
    Oh ! nobody.

The rulers are famed, too, because they can write,  
And to serve an occasion turn black into white ;  
Having lately awaked from a twenty years' dose,  
They are gone, but to where, O, there's nobody knows—  
    Oh ! nobody.

This is justly regretted by those who adored 'em,  
Though the worst of it was that the funds went before  
'em ;  
When their hands were so clean and their heads were  
so wise,  
Sure no one feels worse that they wanted their eyes—  
Oh ! nobody.

It cannot detract from their well-earned fame  
Though we herein refuse to mention their name ;  
Let their enemies bawl e'er so loud and so long,  
No one could do right when their system was wrong—  
Oh ! nobody.

*Supposed to refer to Aberdeen Town Council squabbles in  
the year 1821.*



### EPITAPH ON "DICK,"

#### A GOOD OLD STEED.

By JOHN BARKER, Sen.

HERE lies a horse that in his day  
Served lords and ladies fair,  
And joyful was to lend his aid  
When they went out for air.

And long it was his happy lot  
With gentle-folks to ride,  
Till in Jack Jumper's hands he fell,  
Then woe did him betide.

Jack smoked his pipe and told his tale,  
Could yarn and swear and drink,  
And nothing was too hard for Jack,  
Except to feel and think.

Jack loved a lady (or he loved  
Somewhat he thought as good),  
And for to ease the happy pair,  
Dick ever ready stood.

Smack went the lash, Dick willing was,  
And swift away they flew,  
And long he ran and hard he pulled,  
But all this would not do.

Jack lashed, because he loved to lash ;  
When thus with blows assailed  
Dick strained every nerve and limb,  
Till strength and vigour failed.

Thus mangled, bruised, and torn,  
With numerous ills beside,  
Poor Dick, alas ! what could he do ?  
He laid him down and died.

Dick did his duty in his day,  
Nor will it fare the worse  
With such barbarians as G——y,  
To imitate his horse.



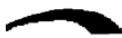
## LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

ACCEPT this little floweret  
As a tribute of regard,  
Though small is our acquaintance,  
To be friendly is not hard.

You a stranger and sojourner  
With us but for a time ;  
We meet but for a season,  
In a chill and changing clime.

But it will be a pleasure  
If we meet on earth again,  
We would rejoice if you rejoice,  
And grieve were you in pain.

May we all but gain the haven  
Of eternal rest at last,  
When earth's friendships and its flowers,  
And its sorrows, all are past.



## ON LEAVING DUNDEE,

JANUARY 23, 1839, IN THE BRITISH BRIG, "ISLA."

Up, up, ye winds, and bear us on,  
Ye waves roll cheerily ;  
A few more hours and we are gone,  
We've lingered wearily.

The skies above are blue and clear,  
And calm the Tay is streaming ;  
Half lit with gold in mists appear  
Its sunny glory beaming.

The mountains grey, o'ertopped with wood,  
Where Autumn's shade reposes,  
Fades from our sight, and ocean's flood  
In grandeur now discloses.

Farewell, ye stream and banks of Tay,  
Ye hills and vales retiring,  
Where morn and eve I wont to stray,  
Your shady haunts desiring.

And when grey mists spread all around,  
And left me distant roaming,  
I've still enjoyed the mingling sound  
Of Nature in the gloaming.

Farewell, ye friends which blest each scene,  
Fain would I yet be straying  
Where oft together we have been,  
But there is no delaying.

So fare-ye-well. Oh ! may we meet  
Again in friendship burning,  
Where Dundee's spires and Newport sweet,  
May glad my gaze returning.

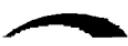
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The last thing I received on leaving Scotland, 22nd January, 1839, was the following lines of poetry from Mr. Wm. P\_\_\_\_\_, Dundee, who came, along with the members of the Young Men's Society, to see me away. Written by his Sister.

Is there an e'e that, when I 'm gone,  
Will drap a kindly tear for me ?  
Is there a heart of kindred tone  
That then will beat responsively ?

Oh ! let me gaze upon that e'e,  
An' kiss the tear before it fa',  
An' feel the throb that heart will gie  
For him, the lad, that's gaun awa'.

'Tis love and friendship gie the ca'  
For me to leave your social band,  
Sae I, though loath, maun leave ye a',  
And seek again my native land.



Farewell, my friends, a long farewell !  
 Whilst I shall ha'e a breath to draw,  
 Whilst I shall ha'e a heart to feel,  
 I 'll mind ye a', though far awa'.



## SONG OF THE PIKE.

I DART and I play  
 In the twilight grey,  
 And I chase the trout afar ;  
 I bound and spring  
 On each lifeful thing,  
 The minnow and salmon par.

I lie in nooks,  
 By the streams and brooks,  
 Where the waters backward well,  
 And when morning flushes  
 The reeds and rushes,  
 I 'm up, as the fish can tell.

By the mossy banks  
 And the slimy swamps,  
 In the deep dark pools I lie,  
 And my hole I keep,  
 Where the shadows sleep,  
 But I forth can dart and fly.

When the eel I see,  
And the minnows flee,  
I gobble them up with speed ;  
That nothing comes wrong  
Is the fisher's song,  
And they call it "Pikey Greed."

I 'm caught sometimes  
With their long stray lines,  
But I jump, and dart, and fly,  
And the lines I bite,  
And I struggle and fight,  
Till close to the edge I lie.

My jaws I snap  
When my head they rap,  
And I find it hard to die,  
But I 've lived full well,  
As many can tell,  
On the best of salmon fry.



## SONG.

SHE smiled on him as smiles the morn  
Of a bright summer's day ;  
Soon are her young affections torn,  
Dark sorrows cloud her way.

A tear came o'er her lovely cheek,  
She heard that he was gone ;  
Her heart beat hard, she could not speak,  
For she was all alone.

Long had she *loved* with purest flame,  
But feared to think it love ;  
Yet blushed whene'er she heard his name,  
And wept that he must rove.

Her life had been one summer bloom,  
Unchequered and serene,  
But now she felt a deepening gloom  
Sink down upon the scene.

But as the sun peeps smiling forth,  
When clouds no longer lour,  
So once again her rayful smile  
O'ershone that troubled hour.

For the loved one of her fond heart  
Returned her soul to cheer,  
Again the smile of joy broke forth,  
And chased away the tear.



## I N M E M O R I A M

WILLIAM SMITH, JUN., AUTHOR OF "THE PEOPLES' TUNE  
BOOK," INTERRED AT CHAPEL OF GARIOCH,  
4TH SEPTEMBER, 1878, AGED 74.

AMID the glowing sheaves and circling swathe  
Of golden grain, the silent butterfly,  
On trembling wing, fanning the autumn sod  
Amid the hum of insect life ; the song  
Of lark and finch, and drowsy murmur of  
The streams and trees—here one is laid to rest,  
Who, through quick instinct in a loving heart,  
Could treasure these, and all the sights and sounds  
Of Nature. Like as with golden warp and woof  
Made vocable, he hummed and wove melodious tunes  
That linked fair syllable and sound.  
Through gentlest minor modes, that steal along  
The cloisters of the soul, or in those clear  
Glad major keys, filling all hearts with joy  
In grand majestic flow of human sound,  
The stately measure of a peoples' praise.  
That tuneful gift, and all his varied store  
Of art and poesy, and noble thought,  
He shared with youth, striving to guide their steps  
By word and wish into the paths of peace.  
*Here tunes and words and wishes are tied up,*



And so as in the pause, the deepest music  
In the silence, his lov'd words and wishes  
In our hearts are stored ; his tunes make garlands  
To adorn the gladdened days that are to come.

J. W.



#### THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

I CHASE the night with my sunny light,  
I bathe the flowers with dew ;  
I paint the stream with my golden gleam,  
And bring the whole world to view.

I am up betimes, to listen the chimes  
Asounding throughout the woods ;  
The rippling brooks and the cawing rooks,  
And the roaring of the floods.

I glance and shine on the mountain pine,  
And pierce the dark woods thorough ;  
And a sweet perfume from the heather and broom  
To scent my wings I borrow.

I kiss the surge as I onward urge  
My way o'er the foaming track ;  
As the seaman steers through the gloom he peers,  
And cheerily welcomes me back.

I visit the cell where the wretched dwell—  
Oh ! say, dost thou welcome me, too ?  
With a joyful hum to the sick I come,  
Pray how is it, stranger, with you ?



ON THE MARRIAGE OF MR. D—— D——  
TO MISS M—— D——,

30TH SEPTEMBER, 1879.

HAIL ! happy day, sweet morn of joy,  
I sing this bridal day ;  
Union of hearts, a sweet employ,  
Let all be glad and gay.

We give the bridegroom welcome here,  
We hail the lovely bride,  
And friends have come from far and near,  
May bliss o'er all preside.

And from this good and friendly home,  
Where she hath nurtured been,  
She will go forth with him to roam,  
And dwell in Aberdeen.

May every joy attend their path,  
And a young race arise,  
Whate'er of good the parents hath  
May these possess and prize.

May all the friends united be  
In true and lasting peace,  
In faith and love, and holy joy,  
In truth that ne'er shall cease.

Hail, happy day, sweet morn of joy,  
We hail this bridal day,  
And may this home be happy aye,  
Although the bride's away.



## TEMPERANCE LAY.

Who would drink full draughts of sorrow  
In poisoned "cups?"—'Tis maddening joy—  
Shun the pleasure, for the morrow  
Brings a *curse* of dire alloy.

Taste of springs of water flowing  
Clearly from the green hillside,  
Tints of heaven's blue azure glowing,  
Smile upon its sparkling tide.

Quench your thirst with streams life-giving,  
Blooming health and joy they bring;  
Drink and love those waters living,  
Bubbling up from Nature's spring.

## A C R O S T I C.

E LISABETH SMITH KINGHORN,  
L ong be the life you may adorn ;  
I n all places may you be  
S incere and loving, kind and free,  
A lways frank, and good, and true,  
B eloved by all, if known to few,  
E ver be modest, faithful, wise,  
T hen shall your acts give sweet surprise.  
H earty and clever, still may song

S mile on your path and joy prolong ;  
M irth, with her sister, Wisdom, join  
I n sweetest unison combine,  
T hen all your life your lot shall be  
H appy as any life can be.

K eep with all care your inmost heart ;  
I n others' sorrows bear a part ;  
N o angry word allow your tongue ;  
G ive to the poor, whose hearts are wrung,  
H ear their sad tale of grief and woe,  
O ver this sorrowful world they go ;  
R emember all your loving friends ;  
N ow here this true acrostic ends.

ON RECEIVING THE C.D.V. OF MY OLD  
FRIEND, WM. PEEBLES, ESQ.,

GLASGOW.

MANY thanks to William Peebles,  
For my book was incomplete  
Till I had his carte-de-visite—  
It is excellent and neat.

It is his own 'cute visage,  
'Tis the sharp but kindly eye,  
With the high, capacious forehead,  
Firm mouth, compact and dry !

All giving true impression  
Of a soul that's struggled long  
With a world of sore vexation,  
But yet can raise a song.

And the spirit seems to whisper  
“The light of other days,”  
Yet shed their golden lustre,  
Turning sorrow into praise.

May the morning which was cloudy  
Have an evening mild and bright ;  
And the night, like that of Norway,  
Need no harbinger of light.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF BAILLIE  
HUGH ROSS,

WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT ABERDEEN, ON 28TH MAY, 1880.-

His soul has gained the skies,  
His dust in silence lies,  
While we with tearful eyes  
    His loss deplore.

He lived the given span  
Of pilgrimage to man,  
But yet we scarcely can  
    Lament give o'er.

A husband fond and true,  
A loving father too,  
A friend among the few,  
    Of whom we weep.

He ne'er despised the poor,  
Nor turned them from his door,  
But gave them more and more—  
    He who doth sleep.

The Church, with grateful tears,  
Recalls his worth for years,  
And her last tribute bears  
    To him we mourn.



Our Councils witness bear  
By him a worthy share  
Of labour's tear and wear  
Was ably borne.

We never did suppose  
That morning when he rose  
That ere the day would close  
His soul would flee.

But let us pray for grace,  
His goodness to confess,  
Our trials all to face,  
And bear the blow.

He now is fully blest—  
He leans on Jesus' breast,  
Where sweetly he doth rest—  
His labour o'er.

We wait that morn to rise,  
To meet him in the skies,  
Where Christ shall wipe our eyes  
To weep no more.

G. M. S.



THE FERRYHILL BURN AND ITS  
POISON CLOUD.

Low down, at the foot of the Fairy Hill,  
I saw it by moonlight calm, and still,  
Black and blae, and yellow and long,  
Green and gruesome, and smelling strong  
Of the fatal miasma that lurkingly plays  
Round the dwellings of men, through nights and days,  
Like a serpent waiting to plant its dart  
Of deadly venom through head and heart.  
For the light that lightens the tower and tree,  
And gladdens the river as it sweeps to the sea,  
Serves but to quicken the poison power  
As it claims its victims from hour to hour.  
How sadly strange, to feel and think  
Of precious lives brought thus to the brink  
Of life's long river, by this shimmering cloud  
That hugs the land in its fatal shroud ;  
Of men in office, who for years have cried  
This plague-spot must remain until we have tried  
To find the means of making pure  
The stream that flows through this reeking sewer.  
And so, while they wrangle face to face,  
The work of death goes on apace,  
Waiting years to receive a report,  
While valued lives are thus cut short.  
If I had my way, round the Fairy Hill,  
Another sweet night as calm and still,

I'd take the Commissioners out in a train  
For four short hours to the mouth of the drain,  
With the engineer pilot guiding my team,  
And haughtily, silently, getting up steam.  
He would ask no question, but with smile and bow,  
Stick each man in his place in the mud below  
Two hours before, and two hours after,  
When the tide goes out and leaves no water  
To cover the sin that lies at their door,  
Ruining the lives of both rich and poor.  
Those of their number who come out with the crowd,  
And are spared to return from the Poison Cloud,  
May write their tale of this trip by the train  
Along the arches and into the drain,  
In letters of brass, each man in his turn,  
With the poison that lurks in the Ferryhill Burn.

J. W.

*The above rhyme had the effect of stimulating the Town Council to a sense of their duty, and to eradicate the evil complained of.*



FOR MISS LIZZIE S—— K——.

LIZZIE is a merry girl,  
Loves to jump, and dance, and whirl ;  
Lizzie smiles with funny glances,  
And all hearts with joy entrances.  
Lizzie, like a fleet gazelle,  
Climbs the mountain steep as well ;

Lizzie sings in time and tune,  
 Like a bird in leafy June.  
 Lizzie fishes in the burn,  
 Taking trouts at every turn ;  
 Lizzie spends the pleasant hours  
 Gathering up the sweet wild flowers.  
 Up the mountain top she flies,  
 Every hiding spot she tries ;  
 O'er rocks and sands, and heather bell,  
 Where the fairies dance as well ;  
 At Tulloch, where the mill wheels dirl,  
 Plays this merry-hearted girl,  
 Up on Deeside she is living,  
 Pleasure getting, pleasure giving.  
 I love Lizzie, do I not ?  
 If I don't, I'm sure I ought.



## DOXOLOGY.

Written at the request of the leader of the Choir of the Circular (Independent) Church, Charleston, South Carolina, afterwards inserted in the Hymn Book, 1842.

PRAISE to God the Father, praise  
     Eternal to the Son,  
 Praise to God the Spirit raise,  
     The holy three in one.  
 Praise ye Him angelic throng,  
 Praise Him all ye hosts above ;  
 Let all creatures praise in song  
     The God of grace and love.

## TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM QUARRIER, Esq.,

318 ST. VINCENT STREET, GLASGOW.

[A man worthy of all honour, and who, in my opinion, has done more to purify the moral atmosphere of Glasgow than any one ; who for many long years has most successfully aided the orphan and destitute children, most of them found on the streets and lanes of that great city, by his emigration schemes and orphan homes—homes excellent and suitable—many of which he has succeeded in erecting by the benevolent and Christian help of friends all over this land. His life has been spent in saving the rising generation, and his good wishes and vigorous help have been and are extended to relieve misery in all classes, especially the orphan children of Scotland.—A. C. B.]

OH ! Quarrier, man beloved indeed,  
The orphans' friend, and that in deepest need :  
Thyself an orphan boy in Glasgow city,  
Who found no helper near, no friend to pity.

How many such exist still in this land,  
And few like thee to stretch a helping hand ?  
Oh ! man of faith and wondrous guiding skill,  
For ever thinking, working “with a will.”

That work unpaid has been most nobly done,  
Aided by thousands in our island home ;  
Well planned and built, these homes stand out to view  
A monument to Scotland and to you.

Thou hast by prayer, strong faith, and love,  
Even made great mountains to remove—  
Mountains of sorrow, sin, and shame,  
And hindrances—without a name.

Brave friend, work on thy work beneath the sun,  
And thou at last shall hear the words "Well done."  
And now, my friends, whatever else you do,  
Help on this work, so noble, good, and true.



#### ANCIENT TIME'S SIMPLICITY.

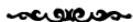
THE dream of the corn fields is gone  
In their early pristine beauty ;  
'Tis a vision of gold that stands alone,  
And mankind all pay duty.

The pictures that charmed the world of old,  
Green woods and lawns all gow'nie,  
Have not such charms for hearts that are cold,  
And heads full of nought but money.

Truth, virtue, and love, then reigned supreme,  
So sayeth all ancient story ;  
How sad is the change come o'er the scene—  
Old times rest alone in their glory.

So I prize those pictures of ancient time,  
For a simple beauty dwelling ;  
It fills my soul like a light divine  
Far beyond a poet's telling.

Then still love ye these early times,  
Those days of pristine beauty,  
Though a vision of gold shine out from mine,  
And mankind all pay duty.



### AWAKE, MY LYRE.

AWAKE, my lyre, and sing the praise  
Of early friends and early days,  
Sing, how amid this world of change,  
Some still are true, while others range.

Sing of the pleasant days of yore,  
The days that promised bliss in store ;  
Those days of love in other years  
Were pure as love in heavenly spheres.

The bounding soul, the spirit pure,  
We fondly hoped would still endure ;  
We never dreamed that we should be  
So changed in our maturity.

The heart was full, the fancy bright,  
 Health, love, and friendship, gave delight ;  
 So fair, so joyous, was the scene—  
 What is it now !—*the past, a dream.*

I 've dream't again, but shall I sip !  
 I felt the nectar at my lip ;  
 Say ! shall my cup of joy run o'er  
 As it has never done before ?  
 Or, shall I live on what is past,  
 As all the joy that I shall taste ?



### INVITATION TO VISIT ARGYLESHERE,

FROM W—— T——, ESQ.

**A**WAY to the Highlands, the hills of the west,  
 To the woods and the glens of Argyle ;  
 Down the Clyde's smiling waters, the brightest and best,  
 To the woods and the rocky defile.

Rush on, thou light steamer, 'mid beauty afar,  
 All Nature is smiling around thee ;  
 Lawns, mountains, and hills, with the clear sparkling rill,  
 In a trance of deep pleasure hath bound me.

Throng on, ye fair pilgrims, to every fair spot,  
 Drink pleasures wherever ye wander,  
 Seek out the deep dell and the cool shady grots,  
 Where the waters rush on or meander.



Go, trace the wild deer to his shady retreat,  
Go, watch him at night and at morn ;  
See him bound like the wind, scarce a sound from his  
feet,  
As he flies from the hound and the horn.

Or mark him at peace in some valley of green,  
As he wanders majestic and lonely,  
And drinks the cool waters of some smiling stream,  
As if spread out for him and him only.

But hark, there 's a rush, there 's a sound of the gun—  
Doth he linger to drink at the fountain ?  
No, no, he is up and away, he is gone,  
They may catch him, who can, on the mountain.

But to those who would see and delight in the scene,  
May these creatures of beauty be near them,  
Nor vanish away like a sweet morning dream,  
But linger to bless and to cheer them ;

To deck the fair face of my friend and my guide,  
Sweet Nature, all beauty and love,  
So we 'll fly from the city, whatever betide,  
And over the mountains we 'll rove.



## IN MEMORY OF DARLING LIZZIE M——,

WHO DIED 24TH DECEMBER, 1877.

OH ! mourn with me the dear one gone,  
A little flow'r just only blown,  
A tender plant, too soft and sweet  
To bear earth's frost, and snow, and sleet.  
How gentle, loving, meek, and mild,  
A dear, sweet, patient, little child.  
Weep for her father and her mother ;  
Weep for each darling little brother ;  
Weep for her sister, dear and true ;  
And weep for all that lov'd her too.  
Soon laid to sleep in heaven's own rest  
She smiles on her great Father's breast ;  
Before earth's cup of joy was tasted,  
Or pain and sorrow life had wasted ;  
While youth's gay dreams were all unknown  
The angels claim'd her for their own.  
Lord ! bless us ; while we sigh and weep,  
We yield her, Lord, and Thou wilt keep  
Till we shall meet her in the sky,  
A blest and happy family.



## TO A BEREAVED MOTHER,

ON THE LOSS OF HER DAUGHTER, LIZZIE M——.

"Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."—  
2 Kings iv. 26.

SHE is not dead but sleeping,  
In Jesus she hath rest,  
And though thou sad art weeping,  
She's happy with the blest.  
Her Saviour now she praiseth  
In halleluiyahs clear,  
Her infant voice she raiseth,  
While thou art mourning here.

Oh ! join her as she praiseth,  
E'en tho' 'mid grief and tears,  
For now on Him she gazeth,  
And like Him she appears.  
Oh ! praise Him that he bore her  
From earth's deceitful strand,  
With guardian angels o'er her,  
To our Emmanuel's land.

Thy child in love was given ;  
In love was ta'en away ;  
For Jesus high in heaven,  
Wanted her little ray

To shed its tiny glory  
From His bright crown above,  
To tell the wondrous story  
Of God's redeeming love.

Jesus, the Shepherd, leadeth  
Thy little lamb on high,  
In pastures green she feedeth  
Beneath His loving eye.  
Oh ! trust her to His keeping,  
None perish from His hand,  
Her dust, which now is sleeping,  
Shall yet in beauty stand.

Hear Jesus gently calling—  
“ In my deep love confide,  
*Thine* is as rain-drops falling,  
*Mine* as the ocean wide.  
No drop of wrath is given  
In this thy cup of woe,  
’Twill raise thy thoughts to heaven,  
’Twill wean from earth below.

“ I grieve, with thee, oh, mother,  
With human sympathy,  
Thy tears thou need’st not smother,  
I wept at Bethany ;  
I trod life’s thorny pathway ;  
I died upon the tree ;  
And now, thine Elder Brother,  
I share each grief with thee.

"The grass is green above her,  
Passed heedlessly by men,  
But I am watching over—  
Thy child shall rise again.  
I'll come again to claim her,  
I'll raise her, pure and fair,  
With all My ransomed people,  
To meet Me in the air.

"All woe will then be over,  
All grief and toil and pain,  
No dangers e'er can hover,  
Dark death will then be slain.  
Thou 'lt praise Me from this trial,  
Throughout an endless day,  
When on my throne thou 'rt seated  
To reign with Me for aye."

*Sent to Mrs. M. by a friend.*



### A JOURNEY TO DEESIDE, 1848.

It fell upon a misty morn  
In the sweet month of June,  
That Nature's face seemed all forlorn,  
And sadly out of tune.

Dim was the prospect we beheld,  
And cold and damp and chill,  
The heavy rain hung o'er the field,  
And rapid rolled the rill.

But soon the mists dissolve away  
From valley, hill, and stream,  
And smiling in her robes so gay,  
The sun decks every scene.

The birds awake and chant their songs,  
Their thrilling songs of joy,  
The herd-boy, as he jogs along,  
Seems blest in his employ.

To Banchory soon we draw apace,  
Sweet village of the Dee,  
And, smiling in its native grace,  
Is charming unto me.

With friends we spend a pleasant time,  
Then to the Feugh we go,  
Where eddying waters sound a chime  
As they rush to and fro.

Oh ! 'tis a pleasing picture when  
Those maddening currents glide  
O'er rugged rocks, and foaming fall  
Upon the darkling tide.



Above the rapids verdant boughs  
    Nod to the floating stream,  
And seem enchain'd there to rest,  
    Sweet shadows, like a dream.

But even approaches, and we walk  
    On to Inchmarlo fair,  
Through the green woods we wander on  
    Till we our friends meet there.

With them we spend the quiet night,  
    And rise with joy to see  
All Nature smile in beauty bright  
    Upon the banks of Dee.

Our upward progress now we take  
    Through Kin'. O'Neil and 'Boyne,  
And everywhere the country smiles,  
    And verdant beauties shine.

To Ballater at last we come,  
    Encircled by the Dee,  
A lovely village 'mid the hills,  
    In sweet simplicity.

Up to the Wells of Pannanich,  
    With measured steps and slow,  
We wander through the mountain road,  
    And mark the river's flow ;

See the green fields across the stream,  
    Spread out luxuriantly  
With crops to crown a blessed year  
    Through this sweet vale of Dee.

To sweet repose we then retire,  
    And wake with opening morn,  
But find the lingering mists of night  
    Hang on each mountain form.

At last the sun breaks through the clouds  
    To gild each glorious scene ;  
We on to Abergeldie drive,  
    Where soon shall come our Queen.

Sweet, mild, romantic, and serene,  
    A spot of endless charms—  
Oh ! may it long be found a screen  
    To shield her from alarms.

Well may this sweet Balmoral be  
    Victoria's resting place—  
A regal rest for royalty  
    From fashion's rude embrace.

There is a sweet enchantment rests  
    On that white Castle's towers,  
And loving hearts are all around  
    Blessing its summer bowers.

They 'll deck it for our fair young Queen  
With Flora's emblems bright,  
They 'll welcome to each Highland scene  
With all their hearts' delight.

No longer can we linger here,  
Although we fain would stay,  
And spend amidst its beauties fair  
A summer holiday.

We wander on by wood and hill,  
And clear, smooth-rolling Dee,  
And soon the Pass of Invercauld  
Uprises bold and free.

Rock upon rock majestic towers,  
And wood on wood ascends—  
Here we would spend our summer hours  
Till winter's snow descends.

Here rest and stay—for such a scene  
Outstrips all foreign state ;  
The wild, the grand, the beautiful,  
We see with joy elate.

We round the rock, the wood, the stream,  
And soon Braemar appears,  
The last bright village of the Dee  
I loved in early years.

## I THINK OF THEE.

I THINK of thee as one who long  
Made early life pass like a song  
    All pleasantly away ;  
Those other years and early days  
Are yet the subjects of my lays,  
    But can I be so gay ?

I think of thee as erst I thought,  
To blissful visions overwrought  
    On each returning day,  
Which brought you to my view again,  
My heart's love, gentle Mary, then  
    More quickened into play.

For thee, fair one, all was so bright,  
I castles built of pure delight ;  
    What would I not have done  
Could I have made one moment blest,  
Which otherwise had been confess'd  
    As sorrow 'neath the sun ?



## L I N E S

SENT TO ALEXANDER FORBES, ESQ. (NOW OF MORKEU),  
WHEN AT VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, IN 1849.

WHERE stormy tempests lash or billows roar,  
Or gently murmur on the rocky shore,  
Wave after wave in angry tempests foam,  
Or softly glide towards thy island home.

See shrieking birds expand their wings and rise  
In bold relief against the darkened skies,  
Now sidelong float, now touch the briny wave,  
Then scream their sea notes wild o'er sailor's grave.

See fishermen draw up their boats on shore,  
And fear to tempt those angry surges more,  
Till skies are fair and winds no longer rave,  
When once again they row upon the wave ;

Steal on the tenants of the placid deep,  
And what they toil to catch they safely keep—  
This is the picture which my fancy drew  
Of what I know is often seen by you.

I see your footsteps roaming on the shore,  
I see you in a boat take up the oar ;  
Tempt not the breakers when they angry roar,  
But wisely keep upon the safer shore.

134 ODE ON VICTORIA'S VISIT TO GLASGOW, 1849.

Tempt not the fishes from their crystal caves,  
But let them sport and play amid the waves ;  
Drink in the breeze, and life and health receive,  
'Tis a great blessing which thy God doth give.

May you return at last to those you love  
In health, and so a blessing to them prove ;  
If other fate be thine, and it must come,  
May earth give place to heaven—be glory won.

Thine be the better kingdom of the just,  
When light shall fail and flesh be turned to dust,  
When spirit shall from earthly body flee,  
Thine be a happy immortality.



ODE ON VICTORIA'S VISIT TO  
GLASGOW, 1849.

We laud thee, Queen of England,  
We hail thee, Scotia's Queen,  
We welcome thee from Erin's Isle,  
We spread the gladsome scene ;  
We give thee chosen welcoming,  
We shout thy name in praise—  
Best of all Queens that ever reigned,  
Long happy be thy days.

Far be thy sway, great be thy power,  
Thy sway and power be right,  
And ever be the people's weal  
Thy glory and delight;  
And if thou wilt consider well  
That thou must pass away,  
So live that in all future time  
Thy name shall shine as day.

Thy throne be in the hearts of men,  
Who ever shall be free,  
Who ne'er endured a tyrant's reign,  
Who yet love majesty.  
So reign around in peace and joy,  
In right thy sceptre sway,  
A good example ever give,  
And God shall light thy way.



## ON THE PLEASURES OF TIME.

\*       \*       \*       \*

THEY yield no lasting joy—away  
Ye visions fleeting as the day !  
He leans upon a broken reed—  
Who trusts to earth is fool indeed.  
Seek heavenly riches, endless joys,  
The bliss eternity employs,  
These seek, to thee they will be given,  
The bliss, the joy, the love of heaven.

## WILD FLOWERS.

OH ! gaze on the flowers, the fair wild flowers,  
As ye pass through this world of sorrow ;  
They are not the children of gladsome bowers,  
But they thrive by the field and furrow.

They are Nature's first-born, sweet children of earth,  
Springing up in their beauty around ye,  
To new thoughts and feeling they ever give birth,  
And the joy that they bring cannot wound ye.

Where'er they may spring, let thine eye spy them out,  
And rest on their innocent smiling ;  
Sometimes honest prickles may rise round about,  
But with them there is nought like beguiling.

But pull not the flowers if you do not enshrine  
And preserve them for after beholding,  
Let them long bloom for others, for they are not thine,  
But for all who would watch them unfolding.

Then gaze on the flowers, the fair wild flowers,  
And while you are gazing remember  
They have but a summer—improve thou thy hours—  
On them, as on thee, comes December.



## TO A DYING FRIEND, MISS COCHRAN,

PAISLEY, 5TH APRIL, 1848.

THOU art passing like a shadow  
From the scene of time,  
Thou art bordering on a world  
All unseen, divine.

Thou art peaceful, calm, and happy,  
Waiting for the hour  
When pain, and grief, and sorrow  
Shall no more have power.

Thou hast borne, thou hast suffered,  
It will soon be past,  
Thy short bright day is finished,  
Lovely to the last.

Thou hast laboured for the needy,  
Nor fainted doing good,  
And for love of Jesus, to the  
Hungry given food.

Thou hast lived to gladden many  
By thy kindness shown,  
And loving eyes will weep  
When thou art gone.

The blasts of this rude world  
Were too strong for thee,  
They crushed thy gentle spirit  
In its youthful glee.

And earthly joys have faded  
From thy sight away,  
The glories of a better world  
Are bursting into day.

Thou knowest thy spirit-welcome  
To that better home,  
To a "joyful habitation,"  
"For in this we groan."

Thou hast prayed that blessed prayer,  
"My debts be all forgiven;"  
Thy soul at peace with earth and God,  
Is ripe for heaven.

Then, happy spirit, wing thy way  
Into fadeless light;  
Angels bear thee upward  
In thy robes all white.

Resting on thy Saviour,  
Trusting in thy God,  
Soft will be thy slumbers  
In the clay cold sod.



Friends, dry up those tears,  
Thou must follow soon ;  
'Tis the dawn appears,  
Light beyond the tomb.



## ON MY MOTHER'S DEATH,

5TH OCTOBER, 1849.

I SAW her die, the quiet sleep  
Forever sealed her eyes ;  
A last faint gasp and life is gone—  
Gone, cold in death she lies.

The spark of life went out—it gleamed  
And flickered for a time—  
Her spirit winged its flight above,  
Up to the courts sublime.

How still, how peaceful, how composed,  
So doth the Christian die ;  
Solemn and sacred is the spot  
Where her cold clay doth lie.

Fixed in fond memory's richest store  
The day she breathed her last,  
Tho' feeling now doth conjure up  
Thick shadows of the past.

" Be quiet and thankful," were her words,  
    " Breathe no repining thought ;  
Bless, bless the Giver for the good  
    He long to thee hath brought."

" I love you all," she gasped, " I love,"  
    " But each of you must die ;"  
I'd freely yield my life for you,  
    Could that long life supply.

She thought of all, each would have named,  
    " What will become of you ?"  
The past, the present, time to come,  
    Was full upon her view.

" Follow the Saviour," *whispered* then,  
    " And use this lesson right,"  
Then doubtless we shall meet at last—  
    My children all, Good night.

Light fled away, sunk were those eyes,  
    Her last kind words are spoken ;  
A few short breaths she gasped, "and died,  
    " The golden bowl is broken."

Sweet be thy sleep, my mother dear,  
    Deep slumbers of the tomb,  
Thy works shall follow thee, and thou  
    Shalt burst the gates of gloom.

## R E V E R I E S.

Written at STONEHAVEN, Monday evening, 28th May, 1849.

GAZING on the placid ocean,  
Here I sit and pensive muse  
On the sad and wild commotion  
That is past like morning dews.

How my spirit lingering turns  
To the scenes now passed away,  
Sadly o'er each error mourns  
That hath darkened my short day.

All is past, but past forgetting,  
They have left their taint behind,  
That to my last day's sunsetting,  
Shall bring sorrow to my mind.

List ! I hear the bell now tolling,  
Time for ever passed away ;  
Up o'er this quiet town is rolling  
Sounds that whisper, come and pray.

Scarce an air stirs ocean's bosom,  
Earth and air and water seems  
Like a phantom's sad delusion,  
Or a mazy mass of dreams.

Are they not ? Yes, all shall perish,  
At the last dissolve away ;  
Wisely heavenly things then cherish,  
Things which never can decay.

Away then phantoms and delusions,  
World of vanity and grief,  
Freed from all thy vain intrusions,  
In my God I 'll find relief.

Here my spirit rests, and ceaseth  
Craving after vain delight ;  
Here alone my joy increaseth  
Till my faith be turned to sight.

Yet for other's grief I mourn,  
Pray that God may with them be,  
And that I and they may turn  
Evermore, oh God, to Thee.

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STONEHAVEN, 28th August, 1849.

AGAIN I 'm seated on the hill,  
And 'tis a stilly night,  
The voices float up from the town  
In youthful, shrill delight.

And from upon the cloud-like sea  
I hear the sounds of joy,  
The merry dip of measured oar,  
And laugh of many a boy.

So calm, so still, are earth and sea,  
That every sound doth rise,  
Startling the echoes of the hills,  
That mingling doth surprise.

Now here and there a gleam of light  
Forth from the windows stream,  
The darkness creeping down apace,  
Still clearer is the gleam.

Boat after boat is drawn ashore,  
The voices die away,  
And now a surging wave I hear,  
And dimly see a spray.

At last appears in distance far  
A small white tiny sail—  
Come home thou gliding spectre, come,  
The storm may soon prevail.

Now all is peace, and night doth reign  
In stilly majesty,  
Even scarce a ripple breaks the rest  
Prevailing on the sea.

Amidst this scene of sweet repose  
I muse on other days,  
And trace the shades of joys and woes,  
The theme of grief or praise.

But all is past, and I delight  
To trace the shades of sorrow,  
Mingled with sunny rays of light,  
Night's clouds girt by the morrow.

I love to sit and pensive muse  
On such a day's decline ;  
See changing ever earthly things,  
Unchanging the divine.

~\*~\*~\*~

### EARLY THOUGHTS.

FLEET away, fade away,  
Dreams of my early day,  
One by one vanish for ever;  
Ne'er shall I bid thee stay  
Once more in light to play  
On the banks of life's fast rushing river.



Yet sweet was the time,  
Gay visions in prime  
    Lent a glory all over the earth ;  
Float on and away,  
Why should ye delay ?  
    All is vanished that gave ye your birth.

Fleet on and still vanish,  
Each thought ye may banish  
    That once lent a glory to youth ;  
Its brightness is faded,  
Its joy hath been shaded,  
    One treasure is lasting in *truth*.

Fleet away, float away,  
Vanish and all decay,  
    Truth is a treasure ye cannot destroy.  
“ Childhood and youth are vain,”  
Seek them not back again,  
    But seek ye the pleasures that ne’er can annoy.

Yet fleeting, retreating,  
There will be a meeting  
    Of beauties once lost in the soul,  
When time shall be over  
We bliss shall recover,  
    And ceaseless true pleasure shall roll.

*August, 1849.*

## TURNER OF THRUSHGROVE,

GLASGOW.

Copied from the "Radical Reformer Gazette," Dec. 29, 1832 :—

"It is with pleasure we insert the following lines, complimentary of an individual, a genuine and true Radical, who risked his person and property at a time and during a series of years when the country was overrun with bloodhounds. It is to such men we are indebted for our *national* and *civil* liberties, and the people of Scotland must ever look up to the subject of the following lines with gratitude and respect. He was put in prison for granting the use of his park for a people's meeting."

[I had the pleasure of knowing and esteeming Turner of Thrushgrove, Glasgow, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Turner, who kept house for him, and with whom I became acquainted in America. They were a very kind *pair of friends*, and I spent some happy days in their company when in Glasgow.—A. C. B.]

How grateful 'tis in such a dubious night,  
When disappointment shades the calmest brow,  
To see the star of Freedom steal in sight—  
Turner, I prize thee—kindle as I bow  
In adoration to the holy light  
That touched thy sacred spirit—even now  
Thou shonest in native grandeur purely bright,  
While tyrants gaze yet tremble with affright.

'Twas not ambition called thy presence forth  
To shed thy lustre o'er a ruined land,  
To chase the vapours from our darkened north,  
To blight of tyranny the heart and hand ;  
But thine own quenchless and unfading worth  
Taught thee the tyrant's minions to withstand.  
Long shall thy name be cherished near and far,  
No passing meteor, but a deathless star.

## KIRKWOOD.

KILSYTH, 1832.

## IN MEMORIAM.

By JOHN BARKER, Sen., on the death of his wife, Isabella Martin,  
mother of A.C.B., 5th October, 1849.

DEATH has been here, and snatched away  
The loveliest and the best ;  
She mocked his power, but owned his sway,  
And gently sank to rest.

She grew in virtue as in years  
From youth till life's decline,  
And every grace in her appeared  
Only to brighter shine.

As she approached the final hour  
That tore her from our sight,  
A radiant lustre fell with power  
Around that bed of light.

Undying shall that halo be,  
It rests in memory's store,  
Love, warm respect, and pure esteem,  
We cannot show her more.

Farewell ! but not a long farewell ;  
We part to meet again  
In purer regions, there to dwell  
In bliss unmixed with pain.

---

Poor poets of old, who on fame were intent,  
To gain a great name thought a lifetime well spent ;  
Isabella has genius, by far more sublime,  
Her fame is established by writing a line.

The above verse of my father's I think worth preserving.  
Before his marriage with Miss Isabella Martin he had sent her a  
volume of "Original Poetry," author unknown, and when the  
book next came under his notice, it had her name at the top,  
reading thus—"Isabella Martin's Original Poems, &c., &c."

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#### THE FEAR OF CHOLERA.

GLASGOW.

STRANGER, why those signs of fear ?  
Death with rapid strides draws near,  
On all sides his arrows fly—  
Art thou then afraid to die ?

In God's hands I calmly rest,  
He who made me knoweth best  
What is good for me, and I  
Wait the appointed time to die.

Pestilence, with direful sway,  
Snatching multitudes away,  
Will pass o'er thee, free from harm,  
Leaning on the Almighty arm.

In the city round thy home,  
It with vengeance dire may roam ;  
When it does, be not dismayed,  
Wherefore shouldst thou be afraid ?

Come death will, or soon, or late,  
Such is man's appointed fate,  
And if ready for thy doom,  
Is there terror in the tomb ?

Death but opes the gates to joy,  
Shutting them on all annoy ;  
Death but fits thee to behold  
Heaven's bright glories all unrolled.

Trust thy Father, trust thy God,  
He but chastens with His rod ;  
If His fiat stops thy breath,  
He gives life instead of death.

Fear not then, thou child of clay,  
Though thy mortal frame decay  
It will rise and live again,  
Freed from every mortal pain ;

Rise all glorious, pure, and free,  
To happy immortality.  
Wait in peace, in quiet live,  
Enjoy the life thy God doth give.

Give He little, or give more,  
Thankfully enjoy the store ;  
Willing serve Him while you live,  
If you good or ill receive—  
Quiet peace and joy divine  
Then forever will be thine.

*Published in "Glasgow Courier," when the cholera was raging.*

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### ON LEAVING AMERICA.

Sent to Mr. DUNCAN, Savannah, from Charleston.

OH ! bear me to mine own fair land,  
Glide swift thou bark along,  
Restore me to the merry band  
And social family throng.  
No joy it gives to roam afar,  
A stranger and unknown,  
This ship shall with the ocean war,  
And bear me to my home.

Let others roam in foreign lands,  
And pine and die for gold,  
Be mine to own my country's bands,  
And know her worth untold ;  
Be mine to own affection's sway,  
And charms of kindred prove ;  
Let rovers wild far distant stray,  
Give me the home of love.

Yes, let them boast of sunny climes,  
And wealth a golden store,  
What are they all to him who pines  
For his own native shore ?  
Away, my bark, before the breeze,  
And swiftly glide along,  
Bear, bear me to mine own fair land  
Of beauty and of song.



## IN MEMORIAM

OF THE LATE MR. ROBERT WALKER, BOOKSELLER IN  
ABERDEEN, WHO DIED 1ST OCTOBER, 1870.

GRIEVE not for him, his griefs are o'er,  
Mourn not for him, he mourns no more ;  
He sleeps at last, his work is done ;  
Setting in glory like the sun.

A pleasing halo he left behind,  
 Refreshing sweet the weary mind ;  
 We grieve to think him passed away,  
 We hope to meet in realms of day.

Like weary child he sank to rest,  
 Asleep upon his Father's breast ;  
 We miss him much, for he was kind ;  
 We bless him still, the meek in mind.

He filled his time with deeds of love ;  
 Is perfect made, and dwells above,  
 A shining star before the throne,  
 With all that have the victory won.

No Christian dies, but goes before,  
 And safe arrives on Canaan's shore.



### H Y M N.

GREAT Father, God, I fain would rest  
 Upon thine everlasting breast ;  
 Thy mercies never, never fail,  
 But still through ages all prevail.

Oh ! help thy wandering child to know  
 The love which Thou to thine doth show ;  
 Let no unrest or care beguile,  
 My soul waits for its Father's smile.



Let no corrupt desire arise  
To hide from me my Father's eyes ;  
No hidden pitfall lure my feet,  
My place be at the Mercy-seat.

The world distracts, my thoughts take wing,  
These would my soul to bondage bring ;  
Oh ! Lord, I turn to Thee for rest,  
Take full possession of my breast.

Thou Thy dear son did'st send to save,  
And Thou wilt guide beyond the grave ;  
My Father, God, I fain would rest  
Upon thine everlasting breast.



## THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENNIUM.

THEY speak of a land of bright sunshine,  
Where no cloudy vapours fly ;  
They tell of a calm blue heaven sublime,  
Of a pure and a glowing sky.

They speak of a region where groves perfume  
With a spicy fragrance rife,  
Of an Eden of beauty, life, and bloom,  
Where is found neither pain nor strife.

THOUGHTS ON THE MILLENNIUM.

They whisper of bowers of joys and loves,  
Only known to the pure and free,  
And of happy homes midst flowery groves,  
Filled with sweetest minstrelsy.

No shriek of despair, nor a sound as of pain,  
In that land is no sigh or tear ;  
And 'tis spoken as if a chain unbroken  
Bound every blessing there.

No storms disturb that calm bright land,  
And its streams glide stilly on,  
And passing fair are those who stand  
With eyes to their Father's throne.

For a thousand years no woes or fears  
Shall dim any face or eye,  
For all is love, as in realms above,  
Till they come to their heavenly joy.

Yet a thousand years in God's sight appear  
No more than a transient day ;  
And a day like a thousand years to Him  
Who fills all immensity.

To the righteous throng will that time belong,  
Nor soon will it pass away,  
And there they will raise their joyful lays  
Till they rise to the realms of Day.



## ACROSTIC ON MY NAME-CHILD.

L IZZIE ALEXANDRA BARKER BISSET,  
I have a rhyme to make you—is it?  
Z ealous in all thy father's house,  
Z e little, funny, chattering mouse,  
I call thee darling, call thee sprite,  
E ver showing some new delight.

A little puffy kindly rover,  
Lythesome, blythesome, merry lover,  
Engaging, welcome, come to me,  
X over here sit on my knee ;  
A wake, asleep, ye are so bonny,  
No wonder people call you " Honey."  
Dear little pet, my sweet wee wifie,  
Rejoiced am I, you are so lifey—  
A joy and hope to father dear,

B e growing wiser every year ;  
A sister kind to all thy brothers,  
R esisting nothing good in others ;  
K eeping obedient, kind, and true,  
E ven to those who watch o'er you,  
R efuse not unto all their due.

B e patient at your lessons still,  
I hope to see you kept from ill ;  
S o live you long and live you well,  
S o heavenly joy your bosom swell,  
E nlightened by the Word of God,  
T ill you the path to heaven have trod.

## IN MEMORIAM

M. S. B., DIED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1875

" My Mary, dear departed shade,  
Departed, never to return."

SAD and solemn is the scene,  
Fading like a phantom dream,  
Passing away ;  
Though painful and rough the road,  
Still 'tis leading nearer God,  
Leading to Day.

Tender the frail house of clay,  
Shaking and passing away,  
Night coming down ;  
Spirit preparing to shine  
With lustre all divine,  
Waiting its crown.

I muse on the days of old,  
And know her worth untold,  
Trust her with Christ ;  
Nothing with Him is hard,  
Jesus her great reward,  
With Him at rest.

Sickness she long hath bore,  
But all her pain is o'er,  
Resting in peace ;  
Although our hearts are sad,  
Our thoughts of her are glad,  
And ne'er shall cease.

So calmly she passed away  
To Jesus her rock and stay,  
And glad she died ;  
Died full of faith and love,  
Rising o'er all above  
To Jesus crucified.

She loved us well and true,  
As none can after do,  
To bounds of time.  
She dwells within our heart,  
Though we've been forced to part  
We'll meet again.



#### HOW TO CATCH AND HOOK A PIKE.

Oh ! if you like to catch the pike,  
Fish in deep, back water,  
Where winds do blow, where rushes grow,  
'Tis there that you should cater.

HOW TO CATCH AND HOOK A PIKE.

The minnow good he loves for food,  
For par has great affection—  
Five minutes time, and long strong line,  
Will end his deep digestion.

Our pike has speed in time of need,  
An eye that roams afar O ;  
The worm and snail with him prevail,  
But he prefers the par O.

He 's full of dash, doth love to splash  
And dart about with vigour,  
But when well fixt is much perplexed,  
And cuts a sorry figure.

Just give him line, a little time,  
Till he has swallowed dinner,  
Then gently feel if fix'd with steel,  
And haul up the poor sinner.

In lochs he 's got—a Frenchman's taste—  
Takes anything that 's handy ;  
Takes eels and snails, and rats with tails,  
And frogs though cooked in brandy.

Some say they hate our pike to bait,  
And " ugly fellow " call him ;  
May " greedy " Jack give them the sack,  
And in I 'll kindly haul him.

Taylor & Henderson, Ltd.

A PIKE.



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I love to feel his hearty tug,  
To see the line a-spilling,  
And then to see his noble mug  
Come through the rushes drilling.

I love to see him split in two,  
And fried into the pan O,  
With fat and egg, and crumbs of bread,  
And, cold or hot, he 's gran' O.

So here 's to all that love the pike,  
Although a greedy rover,  
He has a right big maw to fill—  
We 'll fill 't and haul him over.

[It might be pleasing to some to know how I caught the big pike of close on 23 lbs. in the Ythan last spring. I was fishing for sea trout above the boathouse of Kinharachy, Esslemont, and succeeded in getting on a fine sea trout of from one to two pounds weight. Right before me rose up a mighty fish, and darted after my sea trout, flying about in the river. The pike caught hold of it by the tail, and held on with firm grasp, and was really a heavy dead weight at the end of my line. I thought to myself, "Oh, you 're there are you. I know your sort very well, and I trust we shall soon be better acquainted." I hauled up the lot as well as I could, and got them pretty near the edge of the river, when the big jaws opened, and off flew the sea trout. After him again went the pike. I said "This will never do, and I must bring it to an end." I hauled up again, and when the jaws opened at the edge I risked throwing up the trout on the bank—took it off the hook, put on a right strong pike tackle and a half-pound trout or thereby, and dangled it up and down. It was no use, he would not look at it—no doubt thinking it a very poor bait in comparison with the sea trout—but I threw it well over, and let it trickle-trickle down, as it were, and at last

he took it. I said, "All right, I'm in no hurry." It was then, after about ten minutes, that the tug of war came. Up and down he went like a cart horse, floundering about and making strenuous efforts to get in among the rushes, but I said, "No; you may break my lines if you can, but you don't go there." After about half an hour a friend, Mr. Crichton, came and clipped him, saying, "Well, I never saw the like o' him! It wasn't a *him*, however, it was a *her*, and as full of roe as ever a fish was packed.—A. C. B.]



## TO THE MOON.

Written in America.

FAIR Moon, how gently beams thy light,  
How soft the feelings thou inspir'st;  
Thou lov'st to draw in gentle might  
Together hearts of kindred fires.

Who hath not watched in childhood's hour  
Thy smile upon the wood and stream,  
And wistful wondered at the power  
Thus gilding in its silvery sheen.

And by that river, when thy light  
Sunk softly down with silver flow,  
But startled—with a strange delight—  
Twixt thought of joy and dream of woe.

I 've seen thee play on many a vale,  
On hill, on wood, and palace tower,  
On homes of love, on spreading sail,  
And always felt thy soothing power.

Soft fell thy beams 'round Barritsville,  
Adown the woody paths they shone,  
Thy magic light lay sweetly still  
On cot and garden, wood and stone.



## ODE TO SPRING.

Come thou jocund, changeful queen,  
With thy smiling flowery train,  
Decorate the sylvan scene,  
Bud and blossom o'er the plain.

Raise the gladsome, blissful feeling,  
Beauty's bloom must still impart,  
Softly on our senses stealing,  
Come and lighten every heart.

Come from sunny eastern climes,  
Breathe in warmth o'er the earth,  
Trace no more with frosty lines,  
Give the plants an early birth.

Let the streams in tones undying  
O'er their pebbly sands glide by,  
While the softest winds are sighing,  
And to love the birds reply.

Come in brightest hues of morning,  
Come with odorous airy wing,  
Come in pearly dews adorning,  
Evening's sweetness round thee fling.

Come then, Spring, inspire our feelings  
With thy instinct love of life,  
While the clouds shed dire revealings,  
Hush the storm and cease the strife.

Come and trip it on the green  
In thy gayest plumage bright,  
Burst in beauty o'er the scene  
In a flood of life and light.



### THE LILY OF THE VALE.

THERE is a flower in yonder vale  
Blooms fairer than the rest,  
And by the moonbeam's light, so pale,  
Its beauties shine the best.

Its balmy cup, when zephyrs play,  
Breathes fragrance through the dale,  
And round it fairies trip and sing,  
The Lily of the Vale.

This queen of flowers, in beauty crowned,  
So modest, sweet, and fair,  
I choose from all the garden round,  
The loveliest floweret there.

Its graceful stem and leaflets green,  
Its breast so snowy pale,  
'Tis dress'd in pearly due at eve,  
The Lily of the Vale.

All gaudy flowers of foreign hue  
Compared with it must fade ;  
Look well, or you will never view  
It 'neath the verdant shade.

No rose so fair, no violet blue,  
So lovely in the dale ;  
'Tis still the fairest flower to me,  
The Lily of the Vale.

## INVITATION TO M——.

WILT come to the west, love !  
The green smiling west,  
The blue skies above,  
The blue sea at rest ;  
Oh ! come to my cot, love,  
There shall we be blest  
In this land of delight,  
This fair land of the west.

The breezes breathe balm, love,  
'Tis spring's holiday ;  
On the green hills we 'll rove  
In the gloaming of day.  
Then come to the hills  
And the lakes of the west,  
With joy I will fold thee  
To love's beating breast.

Why tarry, why stay, love ?  
'Tis the springtime of year,  
And beautiful summer  
Soon, soon, will be here ;  
Then come while all Nature  
Is smiling and blest,  
To this garden of beauty,  
This land of the west.

Why should sorrow invade  
 Such a bosom as thine ?  
 Why hang drooping thy head ?  
 Let thy sorrow be mine.  
 I will grieve thee no more  
 In this land of the west,  
 Then come to me now  
 To this bosom and rest.

Oh ! well do I love thee,  
 Say, wilt thou then come  
 To my garden of beauty,  
 My sweet cottage home ?  
 Then linger no longer,  
 But tell me to haste,  
 And I 'll bring thee away  
 To this land of the west.

The rose and the lily  
 Around us will bloom,  
 And flowers of all hues be  
 To shed their perfume ;  
 But if you thus linger,  
 How can I be blest  
 From my Mary away,  
 In this land of the west ?



## TO A DYING FRIEND (MISS J—— S——).

THOU wilt enter into rest,  
Thou wilt mingle with the blest,  
And we would not stay thee here,  
Where dwelleth pain and sorrow,  
And new griefs upon each morrow  
Bringeth tears.

It is good to be afflicted  
And yet not be dejected—  
The Lord support thee now ;  
Thy hour of trial 's near,  
To His holy will in fear  
Let us bow.

In the dark and dismal vale  
May thy courage never fail,  
But the light of heaven guide ;  
May God's arm be round thee then  
When Death's current thou shalt stem  
At thy side.

Thy troubles will be over,  
Bright spirits then will hover,  
And welcome thee to rest.  
Though short and sad thy story,  
Thy Saviour reigns in glory  
O'er the blest.

We shall linger but a while,  
May nought our hearts beguile  
Till we leave the world at last,  
With prospects fair and bright  
To follow thee to Light,  
When life is past.



## TO AMERICA.

To the land I love, this land of beauty,  
Wild romance and vesper song,  
I aim to sing, as the poet's duty,  
Who long has roved its loveliness among.

THINK I of those who first with faith unshaken  
O'er rude Atlantic came to seek a home,  
And worship God, who never had forsaken,  
Nor ever would forsake them, where they'd roam ?  
I think of them, in fancy see them standing  
On the wild shore, a plain and pious group,  
While on this promised soil, just after landing,  
They reverently kneel or humbly stoop.

I think of them who, daring 'midst the battle  
For freedom lived, or found a warrior's grave,  
'Mid sounds of woe, and cannon's dreadful rattle,  
Beat proudly back the foe, and freedom gave ;  
I think of them, those heroes passed and passing  
Away from time and from the land they won—  
Soon shall the surge of time, with ceaseless dashing,  
The last hoar patriot sweep its tide upon.

Think I of Indians, wildly, freely roving,  
In the lone depths of wilderness afar,  
Where Indian maidens, in their ardent loving,  
    Dream of their chiefs and court them from the war?  
I think of them, those men of Nature's forming,  
    Those maidens, beautiful and wildly fair,  
Their wigwams lone the hills and vales adorning,  
    All soon to perish by the white man's spear.

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## NEW JERUSALEM.

In the land where spirits are,  
    Far from mortal dwelling,  
Up beyond each heavenly star,  
    Angel notes are swelling.

Mortal, lift thine eyes above  
    To that land of glory,  
To the seraph land of love,  
    Hear that seraph's story.

See his glittering starry wings  
    Bright effulgence beaming,  
Listen to the song he sings,  
    Round the tones are streaming.



New Jerusalem is come,  
Glory round her hovering  
God doth shine, her light and sun  
With His brightness covering.

Evermore the light doth shine,  
Fled is night and morning,  
On the throne the Lamb divine  
Shines, her courts adorning.

Walls of beauty round her rise,  
Jasper sparkling clear,  
High in those bright heavenly skies  
Where no clouds appear.

All her gates are pearls rare,  
Ever open standing  
For bright visitants all fair  
At their portals landing.

Of pure gold the city is,  
Rays of beauty yielding,  
Purest gold her palaces,  
Glorious every building.

All her streets are shining bright,  
Glassy, pure, and golden,  
Happy spirits walk in white,  
By their Saviour holden.

Founts from out the throne proceed,  
Crystalline and welling,  
Lambs around the shepherd feed,  
By still waters dwelling.

Sun and moon they need no more,  
Gone is every sorrow,  
Spirits round the throne adore,  
There comes no to-morrow.

Hark ! their blissful notes arise,  
They the Lamb are singing,  
“All the mansions of the skies”  
With His praise are ringing.

Praise to God most high they sing,  
To the Lamb for ever,  
To our prophet, priest, and king,  
Praises ceasing never.



## THE VALLEY O' THE DEE

THERE are green hills in the south countree,  
And rivers south and north,  
The bonniest streams that ye could see  
Are Tweed, and Tay, and Forth.

There's verdant vales in Scotland fair,  
And rivers rolling free—  
The sweetest vale in a' the land  
Is the Valley o' the Dee.

A castle stands, 'mid beauteous grounds,  
As fair as can be seen ;  
'Tis sweet Balmoral on the Dee,  
The home of our loved Queen.

I saw her there in summer time,  
Wi' the good Prince at her side ;  
The children playing round them baith,  
While they looked on wi' pride.

'Twas a summer Sabbath morning,  
The scene was fair to see,  
But we miss his step on the greensward  
Through the Valley o' the Dee.

But young and smiling faces come,  
We welcome all with thee,  
Be joyful 'neath the summer sun  
In the Valley o' the Dee.



## TO A YOUNG WIDOW,

IN DEEP AFFLICION, HAVING LOST HER HUSBAND AND  
MOTHER ABOUT THE SAME TIME.

FEAR not, thou timorous child of clay,  
God will be thy shield and stay,  
Guard through shades of night alway,  
Be thy covering through the day,  
Chasing darksome clouds of night,  
And a shade when shines the light ;  
Guard each wakeful thoughts employ,  
Solace thee, and bring thee joy ;  
Keep thee, bring thee joyous bliss,  
God of the widowed, motherless.  
Trust in Him, He 'll be thy stay,  
By green paths He 'll lead thy way,  
He the orphan will protect,  
And their heart-felt prayer respect.  
Trust in Him, He still will be  
Guide, shield, buckler unto thee ;  
Open up thy path and way  
While upon the earth you stray.  
Bring thee safe at last above  
To the land of changeless love.



A LAY TO MY EARLY FRIEND,

DR. FARQUHAR MILNE, MANCHESTER.

DEAR friend of childhood and of youth,  
My harp I tune for thee,  
And whilst its notes are those of truth,  
Love's offering they shall be.

Thy father and my father dear  
From one sweet village sprung ;  
Thou never knew a father's care,  
But oft with mine hast sung.

We shared alike the tender cares  
Of gentle friends, and true ;  
How warm and heartfelt were the prayers  
For me, my friend, and you.

Few have been raised with watchfulness  
Such as bestowed on thee,  
And Taylor's teaching long did bless  
And guide both you and me.

Each Sabbath eve we did repair  
To the loved Sabbath School,  
Together joined in praise and prayer,  
And loved our teacher's rule.

Then homeward would together go,  
Our inmost feelings tell,  
Each did the other's wishes know,  
Each pulse with joy would swell.

Time passed away, yet still we felt  
As bound by many ties,  
When at a throne of grace we knelt,  
How warmed our sympathies.

All means of good were in our power,  
Oft evil was restrained ;  
Taught still to dread an evil hour,  
And seek till good was gained.

Both in temptation's evil day  
Have felt our frail estate,  
But angel guards were in our way  
To save from Satan's net.

Oh ! still may the great Power above  
Restrain, guide, and defend ;  
Bind us in bonds of changeless love,  
And keep us to the end.

MANCHESTER, 11th October, 1845.

## S A B B A T H.

SWEET day of rest, the first and best  
    Of all the seven,  
The Christian's day be it confess,  
    His taste of heaven.

The sound goes forth of tolling bell,  
    Every care calming ;  
The tones say drink of mercy's well,  
    And joys embalming.

A hush is on the various throng  
    To church repairing,  
To worship God in prayer and song,  
    His true word hearing.

A hush is on sweet Nature's face,  
    Though streams still going  
Remind that gentle streams of grace  
    Shall ne'er cease flowing.



## S A B B A T H E V E N.

'Tis the quiet of Sabbath even,  
    Stealing through this heart of mine,  
Bids me seek the rest of heaven,  
    Travelling o'er the sands of time.

Shades of even are descending,  
Lingers light on vale and hill,  
Darkness growing, brightness ending,  
Beauty sparkles o'er each rill.

Earth is calm, her rest how pure  
This sweet, holy Sabbath even ;  
All the sky is spangled o'er,  
Undisturbed, like rest of heaven.

Muse we not on endless resting  
In the upper regions fair,  
Jesus' loving-kindness tasting  
In the city He 'll prepare.

Still the light seems prone to linger,  
There is mercy in the ray,  
We may in it see God's finger  
Pointing to eternal day.

Let us pray before it closes  
Ever from our sight away,  
Give us rest, and still dispose us,  
Lord, to love thy Sabbath day.



MY FIRST SABBATH IN CHARLESTON CITY,

AFTER SIXTY-FIVE DAYS AT SEA.

“ I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house  
of the Lord.”

THE day of rest, sweet day of rest,  
This blessed Sabbath day ;  
It rests the body, glads the soul,  
And cheers us on our way.

It dries the mourner’s dropping tears,  
Like sunshine after rain ;  
It calms the sufferer’s groans and fears,  
And eases all his pain.

It shines upon the gloomy mind,  
Instilling life and joy ;  
Revives the soul, the spirit cheers,  
And gives a sweet employ.

Yea, even to the house of God,  
Let us go up, we ’ll say ;  
Even to Thy house, O Lord, our God,  
That we may praise and pray.

This day of rest for weary souls  
Drives mourning fears away,  
And oil of joy is given to those  
Who love the Sabbath day.

## POEM BY MR. REAVES.

(FROM THE "CHARLESTON COURIER.")

THERE's music in the fountain's play, in the roaring of  
the seas,  
And in the sound the tree-tops give, when shaken by  
the breeze ;  
There's music in the murmuring of the busy honey bee,  
And in the joyful warbling of spring's feathered  
company ;  
But the wildest, sweetest music by mortals ever heard,  
Are the tones which the Eolian harp flings out from  
every chord,  
When o'er its yielding strings Eve's wand'ring zephyrs  
stray,  
And with its tuneful harmonies in gentle dalliance play.  
Methinks, whene'er its pensive sounds are floating  
through the air,  
Some lonely Peri, shut from heaven, bewails her dest'ny  
there,  
Mingling her mournful plaints with Nature's harmony  
And seeking, with earth's sweetest sounds, to soothe  
her misery.  
But when the tempest o'er it sweeps, with cold and  
chilling breath,  
In every shriek it then gives forth, there is a knell of  
death.  
Methinks that some avenging fiend, sent forth as  
heaven's scourge,  
Is shrieking from its quiv'ring strings the melancholy dirge

Of many a wrath-mark'd victim he has hurried to the tomb,  
And many a deathless spirit he's consign'd to hell's dark womb.  
Oh ! thou sweet-toned Eolian harp ! thou speak'st of heav'n to me,  
I fancy thou dost echo sweet some angel rhapsody,  
Such as bright spirits breathe before the throne of God—  
Then sound again, oh ! gentle harp, thy sweetest tones abroad.

CHARLESTON, *February 23, 1842.*

A few days after writing this he poisoned himself. One of the very best young men I ever knew ; a most lovely and interesting youth, but over-sensitive in a high degree. Along with three young men of the Circular Church, I bore him to the grave amidst a weeping company.



### THE HAPPY DEATH.

SEE where, upon a sick bed low,  
Is laid a gentle form,  
With earnest soul and upward eye  
To heaven her prayer is borne.

Is there no hope to brighten now  
Her pathway to the grave ;  
No hand to bear her safely through  
Dark Jordan's gloomy wave ?

Is there no comforter beside  
 The mourner lone to cheer?  
 He, who with rod and staff doth come  
 When dangers hover near.

He who doth guide His chosen still,  
 And leads them safely home,  
 Where no diseases, sin, or woe,  
 Or sorrow e'er shall come.

To her affliction mercy proved  
 And showed that joy is here ;  
 At best a meteor come and gone,  
 A smile, and then a tear.

And she hath found a blest abode,  
 Purchased by priceless love ;  
 She learned to love a Saviour here,  
 "She reigns with Him above."



### P A R A P H R A S E.

"I am the resurrection and the life," &c., &c. "I know that  
 my Redeemer liveth," &c., &c.

CHRIST is the resurrection sure,  
 The life to those who trust,  
 In Him believers all shall live,  
 Though mouldered in the dust.

And those who live believingly  
Shall never taste of death,  
He is their life, how can they die ?  
Christ is their heavenly breath.

By grace they joyfully can say  
That their Redeemer lives ;  
In latter day on earth He 'll stand,  
Who them their portion gives.

After my skin, oh Lord, I know  
Worms shall this body waste,  
Yet in my flesh shall I see God,  
In my immortal rest.

His glory I myself shall see,  
And mine own eyes behold ;  
Yea, for myself most gloriously,  
His brightness see unrolled.

Glory unto the Father be,  
And to the Son be praise,  
And to the Spirit, three in one,  
Ye joyful anthems raise.

In the beginning so it was,  
Is now, and aye shall be  
In worlds above, without an end—  
Amen, the Lord praise ye.

*Written at the request of Dr. I. P. BARRAT, of Abbeville District,  
South Carolina, U.S.A.*

## THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

Lines suggested by a Sermon of the Rev. Dr. PHILIP, preached  
in Aberdeen, Scotland, 18th Sep., 1822.

ENVELOPED in the densest night,  
The mariner dismayed,  
Maintains a most unequal fight,  
And longs for morning aid.

But deeper tempests stir the sea,  
And fiercer winds do rave,  
And frailer grows his feeble bark  
From each succeeding wave.

He nears the land, but only flies  
More certain death to meet,  
Unless some friendly star appear  
To show a safe retreat.

Thus when my Father hides His face,  
And clouds obstruct his way,  
I dare not venture to the throne,  
Nor dare I stay away.

But if He send His tempest forth,  
Sinai's lightnings glare,  
And hell is stirred from beneath,  
To drive me to despair.

My weary bark can't long hold out  
In such a troubled sea,  
And yet more awful dangers wait  
If to the shore I flee.

Lord, when I 'm humbled by Thy might,  
From me withdraw thine hand,  
And let the bright and morning star  
Conduct me safe to land.

There I shall sing of judgment past  
And boundless bliss in store,  
Where sin shall never break my rest,  
Where tempests rage no more.

J. BARKER, Sen.



T O M R S. M'K——,

CHARLESTON, SO. CA.

If quiet, retiring manners, mild and kind,  
The gentle mind doth mark, they 're seen in thee ;  
With wisdom meek, in sentiment refined,  
They shine in thee, a happy destiny.

A warm heart, where kind benevolence reigns,  
And unaffected purity prevails ;  
A soul that to the humblest often deigns  
To soothe the anguish which their mind bewails.

No affectation in thy ways are seen,  
But open candour marks thine every mood ;  
Patient to wilful ones thou long hast been,  
And ever anxious to assist the good.

To tell forth half thy praise I do not aim,  
But thine own heart must ever throb with bliss ;  
Though the great world know little of thy name,  
Thou car'st not for that in such a world as this.

Well may thy name be writ, a fairer line,  
In the bright Book of Life, with God above ;  
There be it known, and ever sparkling shine  
In characters of beauty, light, and love.



#### IN MEMORY OF AN INFANT SON

OF MR. DONALDSON, EDINBURGH, WHO DIED IN HIS  
FOURTH YEAR.

AND s my little favourite gone ?  
Thus passed so soon away ;  
The little sparkling eyes that shone  
With changeful loving ray ;  
The smiling face that gleamed with joy,  
The voice so tuned to love—  
Oh ! they shall find a blest employ  
In seraph choirs above.



Weep not that he so soon has found  
That glad and happy shore  
“Where everlasting joys abound,”  
And parents weep no more ;  
Safe with the Lamb who bade them come  
And nestle on His breast.  
Oh ! follow to that happy home,  
And join the ever blest.

7th December, 1857.



## WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, U.S.A.

How wonderful the lot of man,  
His life a ceaseless change and span :  
Now blown by adverse winds of fate  
To some spot lone and desolate ;  
Now mounted high on hope’s bright wings,  
Now sunk with dark imaginings ;  
One moment joyfully elate,  
The next, alas ! how dark his fate,  
Oft seeking joys where they are not,  
And where they are, by him forgot.  
We cling to shades of earth, and find  
No solace for the immortal mind ;  
We pant for pleasure, but she flies,  
Or, having gained our wish, she dies.  
Now love allures us, and we haste

Its pleasing joys and bliss to taste;  
To fame we do aspire, and fly  
To pluck the wreath of joy from high;  
Now wealth a golden vision seems—  
'Tis false, and so are all our dreams.



## ON VISITING NIAGARA, 1843.

I 've seen thee, oh Niagara!  
And heard thy thundering roar,  
Like the dashing of the mountain wave  
Upon a rocky shore.

I 've seen thy floods of boiling foam  
Which everlasting rise,  
In bright and sparkling forms of mist,  
Far up into the skies.

I 've seen thy rapids foaming white,  
Like wave on wave draw near,  
And, pouring from thy rocky height,  
In chaos disappear.

Green currents mingling, pour along  
Impetuous to the fall,  
And murmuring sounds on every side  
Re-echo to their call.



Resistless fall ! I dare not gaze  
Upon thy darkling tide,  
But thoughts of dread eternity  
O'er all my being glide.

Those wild, majestic waterfalls,  
In every form combine,  
Of grandeur, beauty, majesty,  
To show a power divine.

There are two falls—the “Horse Shoe,” partly on the Canadian side, and the American Fall, formed by the very picturesque Goat Island. Perhaps the view from this island is the finest of all, the two or three miles of rapids being visible from it.

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## H Y M N.

“Be silent, O all flesh, before the Lord ; for He is raised up out of His holy habitation.”

Oh ! let all flesh be silent  
Before the Lord upraised,  
From his holy habitation  
He comes, by angels praised.  
Majestic from His throne,  
In glory and in might,  
Lo ! the King of Kings is come  
In robes all shining bright.

The earth before Him trembles,  
    Her thousand tones are still,  
And over all deep silence reigns  
    At His decisive will.  
Old ocean's voice is hushed,  
    And streams their flowing cease,  
The winds to rest are nurst,  
    All Nature stilled to peace.

He cometh ! bow before Him,  
    All flesh be silent now,  
Before the God of heaven and earth  
    In holy reverence bow.  
He reigneth, let the people  
    That do Him fear rejoice,  
But, fearing and adoring,  
    Be hushed every voice.

For His goings evermore  
    From everlasting are,  
And He above all gods is God,  
    Who cometh forth afar.  
He cometh forth in glory,  
    The Lord and King of all,  
Angels before Him veil and bow,  
    Mankind before Him fall.



**S E E K   Y E   W I S D O M .**

WISDOM seek, and wisdom find,  
'Tis the treasure of the mind ;  
Better than the brightest gem  
Sparkling in a diadem.

Knowledge get, 'twill better prove  
Than the purest dream of love,  
Lasting joy it ever brings  
On its bright immortal wings.

Understanding, if ye seek,  
Hear the Lord in kindness speak ;  
Endless streams of wisdom flow,  
Which the thirsty soul shall know.

If ye pant for light divine,  
Light of life is ever thine ;  
If ye seek the joys above,  
Ye shall find that God is love.

Fairer rivers, brighter streams,  
Than the boldest fancy dreams,  
Are the streams of knowledge bright  
Flowing through the world of light.

Seek ye wisdom, God hath given  
As a chart to lead to heaven,  
Words of life and waters free—  
Salvation, Jesus offers thee.

Taste the springs of purest joy,  
Pleasure shall be thine employ ;  
Never can they cloy the soul,  
Through eternity they roll.

Bread of life before the throne  
We shall eat and feast upon,  
Flowing rivers of delight  
Gladden all the prospect bright.



### JACOB AND ESAU.

ON HEARING A SERMON BY THE REV. DR. POST,  
CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, U.S.A.

IN Judah's plain a camp was seen,  
And tents and flocks appeared around,  
While shepherds in the moonlit beam  
Trode guardian-like upon the ground.

Within a tent of largest frame,  
The ancient patriarch, Jacob, lay  
Musing upon his brother's name,  
He longed to see the break of day.



"Oh, God," he cried, "my Father's God,  
My portion and my only strength,  
Look down in mercy, lest thy rod  
O'ertake me and consume at length.

"Hast thou not promised, Lord, on high,  
To make my progeny extend  
Like sands by ocean multiply,  
And give them earth's remotest end.

"And shall I to my brother fall  
A victim of his dire revenge ;  
Oh Lord, for help to Thee I call,  
Do Thou his direful purpose change.

"Yea, Lord, do thou for ever keep  
And guard me from mine enemies ;  
This night, O send refreshing sleep,  
I ever trust thy promises."

Sleep stole upon the patriarch,  
And tranquilly the night fled by ;  
He rose, the eastern sky to mark,  
And see the light spring up on high.

When morn had broke, ere day had come,  
He early with the sun arose,  
And bright, like it, his course to run,  
Prayed God to keep him from his foes.

His hope and trust in God were strong,  
 Joined faith with works, and thus declared—  
 “Here, shepherds, bring my flocks along,  
 I shall for Esau be prepared.

“Come, separate from the fold a flock,  
 And travel on before the rest,  
 Say thus hath Jacob to thee spoke,  
 When Esau thou shalt meet in haste :

“‘Thy servant greeting sends to thee  
 A present for thy love prepared,  
 And still another flock shall be,’  
 And so his anger be deferred.

“Again another flock appear,  
 Thus surely shall his wrath be stayed,  
 And he to me in love draw near,  
 Because I kindred love displayed.”

So faith and works together wrought  
 God heard and saw, and answered prayer ;  
 The brothers met and meekly sought  
 Each other’s love and blessing there.



## THE BIBLE

"HOLY Bible, book divine,"  
I should study every line ;  
Study, for my life or death  
Hangs upon uncertain breath.  
Let me learn God's will to know,  
He has given it here below  
That I may by aid divine  
Rise unto His courts sublime,  
Rise to sing in joyful lays  
His divine and endless praise.  
Tells me of the sinner's doom,  
Evermore consigned to gloom,  
Burning torments, ceaseless woe.  
Pleads, why downward will you go ?  
Speaks of pardon and of love,  
Speaks of mercy, bids me prove  
All His blessings rich and rife,  
Christ the way, the truth, the life.  
Life eternal He will give,  
Taste His love, believe, and live ;  
Thus, unspeakable divine,  
Joy shall be for ever mine.



## H Y M N.

"Thou shalt see the King in His beauty."

Oh ! what a land of glory,  
Where saints shall see their King ;  
Sweet words of blessed story,  
They *shall* hear angels sing.

Behold the King in beauty  
How glorious from of old ;  
Bend every knee in duty,  
His praise can ne'er be told.

His glory is for ever,  
His majesty divine,  
His kingdom ceaseth never,  
His robes eternal shine.

Oh ! happy is that spirit  
Who shall His presence see ;  
His beauty who inherit,  
His holy people be.

The land afar they enter,  
All glorious to behold,  
Where none of earth may venture  
Till time's for ever told.



## THE WRESTLING OF JACOB.

ONCE more the patriarch stood alone,  
The evening shades had gathered round ;  
Across the ford the flocks had gone,  
But he, the last, alone was found.

Safe ere the light had sunk in night,  
His cattle, tents, and friends had past ;  
He stood and watched the fading light,  
And marked the river rushing fast.

Night sunk apace, and there he prayed,  
No momentary prayer was his,  
Fervent and faithful he essayed  
To bring from heaven the promised bliss.

And, lo ! when in a heavenly trance,  
He rose, high struggling in his might,  
E'en till bright morning's early glance  
He wrestled with a man through night.

He yielded not to doubt, nor feared,  
But strong in faith with God prevailed ;  
Thrice blessed man to God endeared,  
Who Christ in human form beheld.

God's blessing ever rests on those  
 Who in their hearts believing trust ;  
 They ever vanquish all their foes,  
 And triumph over hell and dust.

But day had come, "What is thy name ?"  
 Then Jacob to the angel cried ;  
 "Why askest thou ? and whence I came  
 Thou can'st not know," it was replied.

Until the breaking of the day  
 (Mysterious being of the night)  
 Thou didst Thy glorious flight delay,  
 And did not show forth all thy might,

But touched a sinew of his thigh,  
 Which instantaneous shrank away,  
 A mark for life of power most high,  
 That humble he might ever stay.

"Thy name shall Jacob be no more,  
 But Israel shalt thou be called,  
 Because thou didst the Lord adore,  
 And long hast wrestled unappalled.

"Because thou saidst, 'I will not let  
 Thee go unless thou bless me,' lo,  
 Thy name to generations yet  
 Shall down a praise and blessing go."

The mists of night dispelled around,  
And airy clouds in distance sailed ;  
Alone upon that holy ground  
He stood, who had with God prevailed.



## COME, SEE THE PLACE.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay  
Before He rose from grave of clay,  
The spot where self-created dust  
Reposed ere into life it burst.

The prince of glory filled a grave,  
He bore the curse our world to save ;  
For us He lived, was crucified,  
For us He bore the shame and died.

He rose, and death was conquered then ;  
"Twas finished, angels cried "Amen,"  
Worlds on worlds the song begin,  
Christ hath vanquished death and sin.

Raise loud the song the angels sing ;  
Glory to thee, victorious King,  
The Lamb was slain, is risen, and reigns,  
Eternal in the heavenly plains.

## WHY WILL YE DIE?

“WHY will ye die?” Jehovah cries  
To you, O men, to-day;  
Why follow false, deluding ties?  
Oh! seek the narrow way.

Why will ye die? the Saviour’s call,  
Sounds often in your ears;  
Oh! humbly at his footstool fall  
In penitence and tears.

Why will ye die? the still small voice  
From God’s bright spirit comes;  
Oh! hasten, seek His love, rejoice  
That he may read who runs.

Why will ye die? the gospel trump  
Hath sounded far and near,  
But like a cold and frozen lump  
Man will not melt nor hear.

Why will ye die? the echo sounds  
Through wide creation’s range,  
And seems repeated through the bounds  
Of worlds that know no change.



Why will ye die ? O sons of men,  
Now turn and seek His face ;  
The Lord entreats you yet again  
To taste His love and grace.

Why will ye die ? what can delude  
The soul away from heaven ?  
Or, why should earthly joys intrude  
Where God His grace hath given ?

Life, death, and time, and change and woe,  
Bid us from sin to fly,  
And seek God's face nor downward go,  
But turn and never die.



### ON AN ORPHAN CHILD,

AT THE ANNUAL CELEBRATION OF THE ORPHAN  
INSTITUTION IN ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CHARLESTON,  
SOUTH CAROLINA, 1841.

'TWAS in the house of God,  
A happy throng was seen ;  
They came to celebrate  
The orphan's bliss, I ween.

A band had gathered round  
Of happy children there,  
And to the organ's sound  
They sung a cheerful air.

But one amidst the throng  
Seemed sad and mourning there,  
Yet joined she in the song  
With face both mild and fair.

But ever and anon  
A thrilling look of woe  
Stole out her face upon—  
I wished her tale to know.

Had she a father once ?  
A mother full of love ?  
Was their embrace a trance  
Of joy, she then could prove ?

Were both but lately gone  
Unto their earthly rest,  
And she thus left alone  
In the wide world unblest ?

She still a father had,  
The orphan's God is He,  
And from above, to glad,  
He sent sweet charity.



Cheer up, and bless His hand  
That ever cares for thee ;  
He'll guide thee to the land  
Where joys immortal be.

Cheer up, and do His will,  
No good will He withhold ;  
He'll keep thee from each ill,  
Then in His strength be bold.

He calls thee Zion's daughter,  
Thy mourning heart to cheer ;  
He offers living water,  
And bread of life is near.

Eat of it, drink and live,  
Thy heavenly parent's kind ;  
Eternal life to give,  
And earthly bliss to find.

Thy earthly parents thou  
At last may meet in heaven,  
Then at His footstool bow  
Who thee such joys hath given.



**FORBID THEM NOT TO COME TO ME.**

Forbid them not to come to me  
(Of little children Jesus spake),  
Such in my kingdom you shall see,  
And in His arms he did them take.

Forbid them not, for such are mine,  
The lambs of my own fold are they ;  
Through pastures fair to realms divine  
I'll lead them safely night and day.

Forbid them not, but let them come  
And choose me for their God and King  
I love to see their footsteps run,  
I love to hear their voices sing.

Forbid them not, but urge them on  
To seek and find me while they may ;  
To them my love I shall make known,  
Who early seek shall find the way.



## ON A SERMON BY REV. MR. PLEDGE,

31ST JANUARY, 1847.

Oh ! son of man, beware,  
Give not thy heart to earth ;  
Serve not the Gods of air,  
Of pleasure, and of mirth.

Deem not the God of Heaven  
Is now at peace with thee,  
Because one day in seven  
Thou bend'st to Him the knee.

Thou dost in outward seeming  
Alone His name adore,  
His word's most inward meaning  
Remembered is no more.

Think not He will forget ;  
His Judgment Book is written,  
Each sin in order set—  
Repent ere thou be smitten.

Thy heart He doth discern  
Full of the world and sin,  
And hast thou yet to learn  
How vile thou art within ?

E'en in His courts of love  
Thy heart has wandering gone,  
And dost in visions rove  
To worship wood and stone.

Thou can'st not plead like those  
Who deep in darkness are ;  
Thou dost God's love oppose,  
His light put from thee far.

Awake ere thou be lost,  
Arouse ere life be past ;  
Make God thy choice and boast,  
Give Him thy heart at last.

At last ! how long hast thou  
Withstood his counsel kind ?  
Now lowly in his presence bow,  
Thou wilt a blessing find.

For God is never far  
From those whom He has made,  
They who His people are  
Can never be afraid.



## THE AGED NEGRO.

[When living in Charleston, South Carolina, U.S.A., I had opportunities of observing the modes of life of the slave. Although in many cases the utmost kindness had been shown to the negro, still there were instances which fully justified the complete overthrow of that unnatural institution—slavery. Often, since then, has my memory carried me back to these times. The following verses, written by an Aberdeenshire man, and handed to me, I have pleasure in including in my little book.—A. C. B.]

'TWAS in that land, whose sons oft boast  
That they alone are free ;  
But where, till lately, you might hear  
The wail of slavery.

'Twas there I met an aged man,  
Of ebon hue was he,  
Who in "the home of liberty"  
Could not say, "I am free."

His hair, once black as raven's wing,  
Was white as swandown now ;  
His cheek by time had furrowed been,  
Deep-wrinkled was his brow.

I asked him what his age might be,  
He said, "Me cannot tell,  
And no one else can tell you dat,  
No one where me now dwell.

"But, Massa," then his countenance  
 Beamed with a radiant smile,  
 That none who had it seen would say  
 That in his heart was guile ;

"But, Massa, though me cannot tell  
 How long since me was born ;  
 Nor how long since, me then a child,  
 Was from my mudder torn ;

"Me can you tell how many years  
 Me servant ob de Lord,  
 For ebry year me put a stone  
 Since me first knew His Word

"Into a bottle which me keep,  
 And dat me to you show.  
 You count de stones and den my age  
 As Christian, Massa, know."

Into his cabin he then went,  
 And forth to me did bring  
 The bottle which the record kept  
 How long he served his King.

"Now, Massa," said he, "you just count  
 De stones dat am in dere ;  
 And for each stone dat it contains  
 You dat must count one year.



" Den you shall know how old me am  
Since me Christ's child became,  
And how long me His servant am,  
And lub His holy name."

I took the bottle, and from it  
I poured his cherished store  
Of pebbles, and on counting them  
Found fifty ; and one more

Would soon be added ; for, said he,  
" Soon Christmas will be here,  
And den me put anoder stone,  
To mark anoder year."

I envied much that poor old man,  
Although he was a slave,  
And ne'er could claim a freeman's rights  
On this side of the grave.

I envied him because he had  
By Jesus been made free,  
And had Him, as his master, served  
For half-a-century.

I thought how soon that slave should be  
Where slav'ry is unknown ;  
And should his elder Brother see  
Upon His radiant throne.

To him that elder Brother would  
Fraternal welcome give,  
And that once poor, despised slave,  
In bliss shall ever live.



## NEW-YEAR HYMN, 1880.

A HAPPY day, a glad New-Year is come,  
And so we journey onward to our final home ;  
Sing, for day is breaking and the night is past,  
Hail, day of joy, New-Year is come at last.  
What shall we do if spared ?—hunt for pleasure still ?  
Seek for passing trifles that our spirits cannot fill ?  
Give us, Lord, a zest for true wisdom now,  
We present this prayer while we humbly bow.  
Give us humble hearts, thankful, and sincere,  
For the joy that's past, and for this glad New-Year.  
May our praises ring to thy throne above,  
And throughout the year may we walk in love,  
Till we reach the place where Time's joys shall cease,  
And we dwell for ever in the Land of Peace.  
Hail, happy day, the day that endeth never,  
Supreme the joy, the bliss, for ever and for ever.



## SHETTLESTON S.M.

Air A.C.B.  
Harmony - Broomfield.

## O N W A R D.

"I press toward the mark," &c.

"I PRESS toward the mark,"  
That to God's heaven I come;  
I seek His face, His footsteps trace,  
In this glad race I run.

His mercy and His grace  
Withholden is from none,  
Let all but press toward the mark,  
And victory shall be won.

A heavenly dress is thine,  
"A robe of righteousness;"  
A sword to fight, a shield to guard,  
The Spirit's power to bless.

Press, then, toward the mark,  
Well resting on His word;  
So run, so fight, that you may win  
The battle of the Lord.

## A C R O S T I C.

MARY JANE STANSMORE LESLIE  
A little poem wants expressly,  
Reflecting her as kind and good—  
Young is she, yet wants mental food.

I haste to rhyme the best I can,  
A good acrostic is the plan ;  
Nothing must tempt my thoughts aside—  
Even my pen must simply glide.

So my young friend, accept my song—  
The theme is short, the name is long—  
A wish I give that you may be  
Nothing but happy, good, and free,  
So as the hours glide swiftly by,  
Memory will mirror all things high.  
Over the past you'll dwell with joy,  
Receive the good, shun all alloy ;  
Ever with truth and wisdom dwell,

Long as you live it shall be well.  
Even the transient things of time  
Shall shine with lights that are sublime ;  
Loving is truth, pure and divine,  
Justice and love fill up thy heart—  
Even choose while young “the better part.”



## TO M R. G R A N T.

Among my early visits to Deeside, I met with a young gentleman, a Mr. Grant—a very pleasant companion—and the following summer I sent this greeting :—

My dear Mr. Grant, I fain would recant  
The promise I gave you to write,  
But I find I am fixt, and though greatly perplext,  
I proceed a few lines to indite.

In the woods of Braemar, on the mountains afar,  
We met in the days that are gone,  
Though short was our meeting 'twas happy as fleeting,  
Like a vision of bliss it is flown.

Away 'mong the heather we rambled together,  
By the blue rolling streams of the Dee,  
And the joys of the season were doubled by reason  
Of happy communion with thee.

The lovely green vales, by rills and by dales,  
Bore witness to joys that are past—  
Dark woods and clear streams bore an image of dreams  
That were rather too blissful to last.

Where'er we did stray the song and the lay  
Made our journeys seem pleasant and short ;  
With humour and wit, and good joke, as was fit  
Young mirth, filled the moments with sport.

I am back to the hills and clear sparkling rills,  
 But alone I now wander and dream—  
 I miss thee by hill, and I miss thee by rill,  
 And I miss thee by deep rolling stream.

By the loch and the lake, by the forest and brake,  
 By the gow'nie and green sloping lea !  
 By castles and towers and fresh summer bowers  
 I wander, my friend, without thee.

Come up to the mountains, come up to the fountains,  
 Come up to the green flowery lea,  
 To the rocks and the rills, to the cots and the hills,  
 And wander 'mid beauty with me.

To the fresh spring-time breeze, and the green budding  
 trees,  
 To the warbling of songsters in air,  
 To everything bright in this land of delight,  
 To Banchory and Ballater fair.

I am done with my lay, but shall welcome the day  
 That shall bring thee again to the west ;  
 The sun sinks in heaven, and glorious even  
 With beauty bespangles her breast.

- All nature reposing, her loveliness closing,  
 Till morning awake on her streams—  
 With her I retire, and cease with the lyre  
 To visit the land of my dreams.







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A large, irregularly shaped rectangular hole punch mark is centered at the bottom of the card, overlapping the bottom edge of the central column.

